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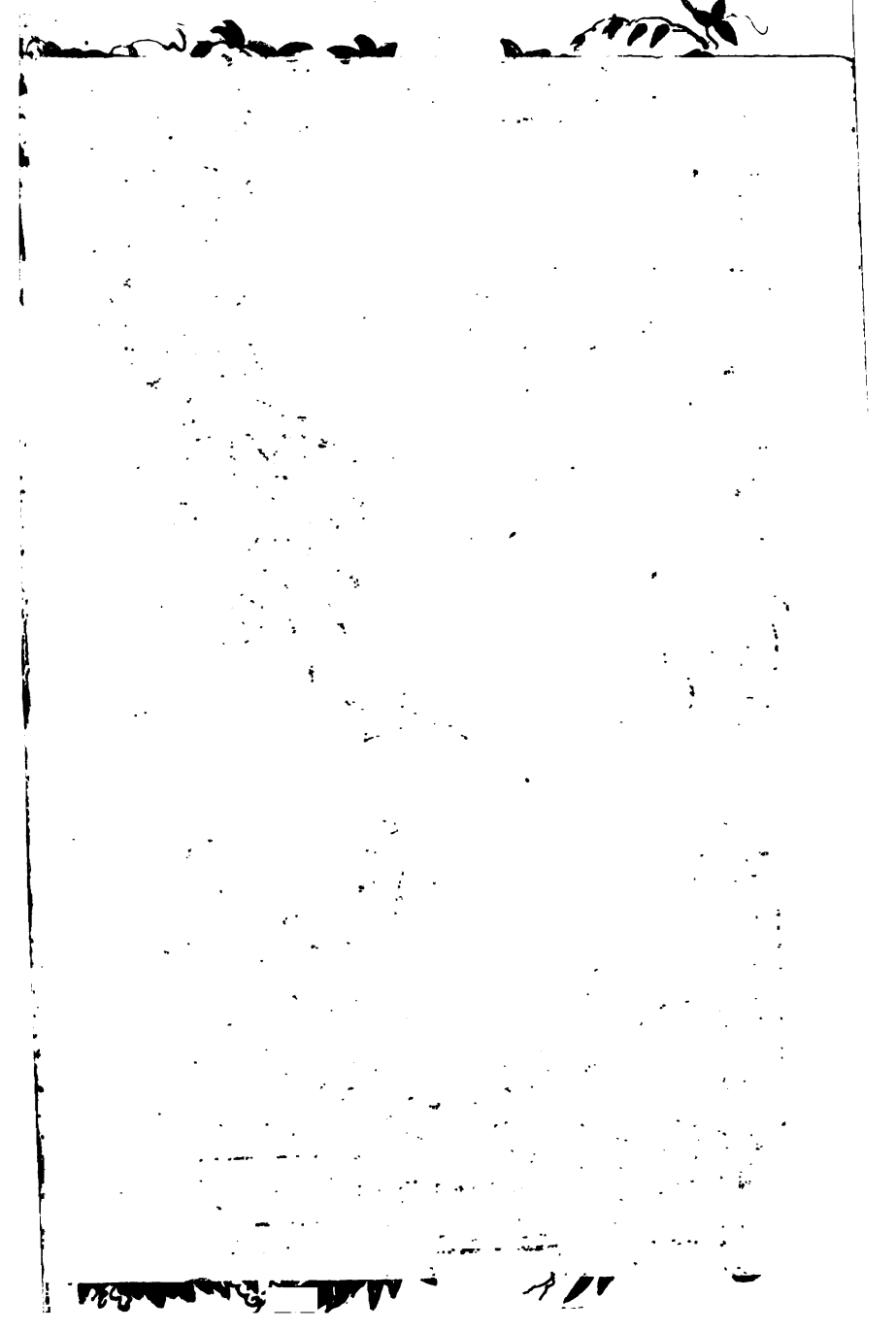
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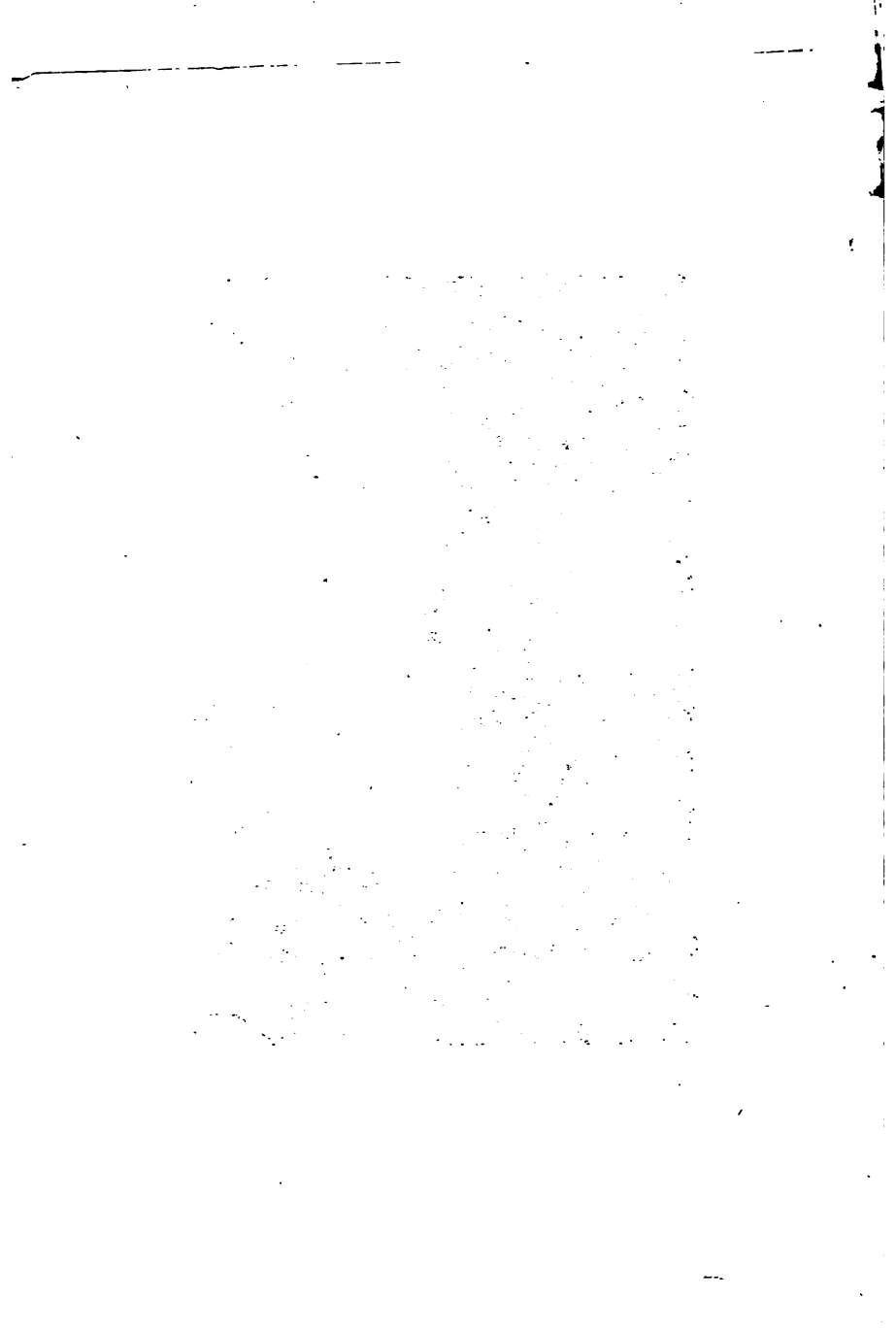
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The
Aide
by
H.W.HERBERT
NEW YORK

THE ALOE,

A GIFT

FOR ALL SEASONS.

Edited by

HENRY W. HERBERT.

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THE MAGNOLIA.

Not in the autumn pale and cold,
When flowers of frailer beauty fade,—
When sombre hues the woods unfold,
And violets droop beneath their shade—

Sweet flower! thou bloom'st in lonely grace—
But when at radiant summer's call
Her bright ones woo the wind's embrace,
Thou shinest, the loveliest of them all.

The wild rose rears its glowing head
Beside thee, emulous, but in vain;
Soft leaves and buds their odors shed—
But thou art sweetest of the train!

No rival 'neath the summer heaven,
Majestic flower! thine empire shares;
And thus the bard to thee hath given
A deeper meaning far than theirs.

This volume, too, amid the throng
That shine with evanescent grace,
In the gay garb of smile and song—
Would claim, like thee, the brightest place.

Yet would not droop like thee away,
When days of light grow dark and chill;
But, like the truth thy leaves display,
Be fragrant and unfading still.

IMPROMPTU.

TO ——, IN RETURN FOR A FLOWER.

For the sweet flower thou giv'st me,
So beautiful and rare,
Thou hast, fond maid, my friendly thought,
Thou hast my fondest prayer.

Thou giv'st me, with thy pleasant flower,
Sweet words, that gently thrill;
I pray, 'tis all that I can do,
That thou may'st keep them still

BOYS ON THE ICE.

MOTHER, where art thou now—fond mother, where?
Busied perchance about the cottage hearth;—
Or tending, with soft hand and woman care,
The grandsire's pillow;—or with innocent mirth
Carolling old sweet melodies of home;—
Shaping the while—with love's unwearied skill
That waits not, wanes not, though the truants roam,
Some homespun garb, to fence frore winter's chill
From those loved little ones—those sireless boys—
In whom is fixed thine all, of fears—affections—joys!

Mother, where art thou now—sad mother, where?—
Noontide hath chimed on every village bell—
A damper breath is on the evening air,
Winding through woodlands hoar its mournful shell;
The short-lived sun hath neared the western hill—
Yet hath no sound appeased thine anxious ear,
Of frolic shout—or childish laughter shrill—
Or prattling tongues, unfathomably dear!—
No joyous yelping, by his playmates' side,
Of him, at night their guard—their friend by day and guide!

Mother, where art thou now — dear mother, where?
There is a voice beside the frozen shore —
A voice, would bid thy widow-heart despair —
A voice which heard — thou would'st hear never more —
Nor see, nor hope, nor pray! — No — not for heaven! —
A cry for succor — "Succor, or we perish
O'er the blind waters to destruction driven! —"
Blest that thou see'st them not — that so dost cherish —
The frail ice drifting to the ocean wide,
Their frail, yet sole support, upon the wheeling tide! —

Mother, where art thou — hapless mother, where?
Thy babes are pleading to the earless deep
For mercy! — mercy from the waves, that ne'er,
Save once, heard voice of man, and sank to sleep! —
And there is *no* help! — *none!* — and they must fall —
So bright, so innocent, and oh so brief. —
And *thou* — thou must survive thy last — thine all;
Survive — in solitary hopeless grief. —
Better it were — oh better far — to share
Their fate — thou so dost love — for whom thou so didst bear!

Hope mother yet — unconscious mother, hope!
He, who bade hush the roar on Galilee,
And walked the waters, that their crests did slope
Tame at his word and powerless — *may* not He,

Or doth he lack the *will* again to save? —
Pure vows are soaring to the throne of might—
High hearts, strong hands, are battling with the wave —
And the bark rushes, swifter than the flight
Of Indian arrow, gurgling through the spray,
That chides, but may not check, her fleet and fearless way.

Bliss, mother, now — grateful mother, bliss!
Thy babes are sheltered in thy wild embrace—
Earth has no moment that may vie with this—
The eye, devouring each familiar face, —
The straining arms — the fierce and hurried kiss—
The brief pure blessing — the reproachful zeal—
The penitence for mother's care remiss—
The rapturous anguish none but mothers feel!
Oh — who shall say that life has aught below
Of tears unmixed with smiles, or joy undimmed by wo!

THE DEATH OF SOTO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS."

But wind me in a banner bright—
A banner of Castile—
And let the war-drums round me roll,
The trumpets o'er me peal!—
And bury me at noon of night,
When gone is the sultry gleam—
At noon of night—by torches' light—
In the Mississippi stream.

Old Ballad.

It was the evening of a sultry day, sultry almost beyond endurance, although the season had not advanced beyond the early spring-time; the sun, though shrouded from human eyes by a dense veil of moist and clammy vapor, was pouring down a flood of intolerable heat upon the pathless cane-brakes, the deep bayous, haunts of the voracious and unseemly alligator, and the forests, steaming with excess of vegetation, through which the endless river rolled its dark current. On a steep bluff, projecting into the bosom of the waters, at the confluence of some nameless tributary and the vast Mississippi, stood the dwelling of the first white man that ever trod those boundless solitudes.—It was a rude and shapeless

edifice of logs, hewn from the cypresses and cedars of the swamp, which lay outstretched for a thousand miles around, by hands unused to aught of base or menial labor; — yet were there certain marks of comfort, and even of luxury, to be traced in the decorations and appliances of that log-cabin; a veil of sea-green silk was drawn across the aperture, which perforated the massy timbers of the wall; a heavy drapery of crimson velvet, decked with a fringe and embroidery of gold, was looped up to the low lintels, as if to admit whatever breath of air might sweep along the channel of the river. Nor were these all — a lofty staff was pitched before the door, from which drooped, in gorgeous folds, the yellow banner, rich with the castled blazonry of Spain; and beside it a tall warrior — sheathed from head to heel in burnished armor, with gilded spur, and belted brand — stalked to and fro, as though he were on duty upon some tented plain, in his own land of chivalry and song. At a short distance in the rear might be observed a camp, if by that name might be designated a confused assemblage of huts, suited for the accommodation of five hundred men; horses were picqueted around; spears, decked with pennon and pennoncel and all the bravery of knightly warfare, were planted before the dwellings of their owners; sentinels in gleaming mail paced their accustomed rounds. But in that strange encampment, there was no mirth, no bustle — not even the low hum of converse, or the note of preparation. — The soldiers glided to and fro, with humbled gait and sad demeanor; the

very chargers drooped their proud heads to the ground, and appeared to lack sufficient animation to dash aside the swarms of venomous flies, that battened, as it seemed, upon their very life-blood; the huge blood-hounds, those dread auxiliaries of Spanish warfare, of which a score or two were visible among the cabins, lay slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged themselves along, after the heels of their masters, with slouching crests, and in attitudes widely different from the fierce activity of their usual motions. Pestilence and famine were around them—on the thick and breezeless air—on the dark waters—in the deep morass, and in the vaults of the pine forest, the seeds of death were floating—avengers of the luckless tribes, already scattered or enslaved by the iron arm of European war. Oh—how did they pine for the clear streams of Guadalquivir, or the viny banks of Xeres—for the breezy slopes of the Alpuxarras, or the snow-clad summits of their native Sierras—those fated followers of the DEMON GOLD How did their recollections doat upon the waving palms, and orange-groves, the *huertas* and the meads of fair Granada! In vain—in vain!—Of all those gallant hundreds, who had leaped in confidence and hope from their proud brigantines upon the glowing shores of Florida, glittering in polished steel, and "very gallant with silk upon silk,"* who had traversed the wild country of the Appalachians, who had seen the gleam of Spanish arms reflected from the

* Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. i. p. 48.

black streams of Alabama, who had made the boundless prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed notes of the Castilian trumpet, who had spread the terrors of the Spanish name, with all its barbarous accompaniments of havoc and slaughter, through wilds untrod before by feet of civilized man. — Of all those gallants hundreds, but a weak and wasted moiety was destined to reach the shores of their far fatherland; and that — not, as they had fondly deemed, in the pride, the exultation, and the wealth of conquest, but in want, and weariness, and wo.

The arrows of the savage, and the yet fiercer arrows of the plague, dearly repaid the injuries that they had wreaked already on the wretched natives — dearly repaid too, as it were by anticipation, the wrongs that their children, and their children's children, should wreak in long prospective on the forest-dwellers of the west.

There, in that lonely hut — there lay the proudest spirit — the bravest heart — the mightiest intellect — the favorite comrade of Pizarro — the joint-conqueror of Peru! — There lay Hernan de Soto — his fiery energies, even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame; his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye — that had flashed the more brilliantly the deadlier was the peril — dim and filmy; his high heart sick — sick and fearful, not for himself, but for his followers; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone like the leaves of autumn! There he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the

discoverer of a world — a world, never destined to bless or him or his posterity with its redundant riches.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to do battle for a crown — but their frames were gaunt and emaciated; their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body; their eyes wet with the tears of bitterness. The dark-cowled priests had ministered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched in breathless silence the parting of his spirit; — an Indian maiden, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of Old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of voracious insects, that thronged the tainted air! — There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy sob-like breathings of the dying man, and the occasional whinings of a tall hound, the noblest of his race, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible — the silken veil fluttered inwards, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without, as the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze. A sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber, and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Wearily, and with

a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Moscoso" — he said, — "Moscoso, art thou near me — my eyes wax dim, and it will soon be over? — Art there, for I would speak with thee?" —

"Noble de Soto, I am beside thee" — he replied — "Say on — I hear and mark thee!" —

"Give me thy hand!" — then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high, and continued in clear and unfaltering tones, though evidently with an effort — "True friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own — by this right hand, I do adjure thee, to observe and to obey these my last mandates!" —

"Shall I swear it?" — cried the stern warrior, whom he addressed, in a tone and voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement — "shall I swear it?" —

"Swear not, Moscoso! — leave oaths to paltry burghers and to cringing vassals — but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble — so shall I die in peace!" —

"By the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble — as I am a born hidalgo, and a belted knight, I promise thee, in spirit and in truth — in deed, and word, and thought, to do thy bidding!" —

"Then, by this token," — and he drew a massive ring from his own wasted hand, and placed it on the finger of Moscoso — "then, by this token, do I name thee my successor — thee, the leader of the host, and captain-general of Spain! Sound trumpets — heralds

make proclamation!" A moment or two elapsed, and the wild flourish of the trumpets was heard without, and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation — they ceased — but there was no shout of triumph or applause.

"Ha, by St. Jago!" — cried the dying chief — "Ha! by St. Jago — but this must not be — 'tis ominous and evil! — Go forth, thou, Vasco — and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this their loyal leader."

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was with a feebler voice —

"I am going" — he said — "I am going, whence there is no return! — Now, mark me — by your plighted word I do command you — battle no farther — strive with the fates no farther — for the *fates* are adverse! — Conquer not thou this region — for I have conquered it — and it is mine! Mine, mine — though dying! — Mine it shall be though dead! — March to the coast as best ye may — build ye such vessels as may bear ye from the main, and save this remnant of my people! — Wilt thou do this — as thou hast pledged thyself to do it, noble Moscoso?"

"By all my hopes, I will!"

"*Me*, then, me shall ye bury thus! — Not with lamentations — not with womanish tears — not with vile sorrow — but with the rejoicing anthem — with the blare of the trumpet, and the stormy music of the drum! — Ye shall sheath me in my mail — with my helmet on my head and my spur on my heel! —

with my sword in my hand shall ye bury me — and with a banner of Castile for my shroud! — In the depths of the river — of *my* river — shall ye bury me! with lighted torch and volleyed musketry at the mid hour of night! For am I not a conqueror — a conqueror of a world — a conqueror with none to brave my arm, or to gainsay my bidding? Where — where is the man, savage or civilized — christian or heathen — Indian or Spaniard — who hath defied Hernan de Soto, and not perished from the earth? — Death is upon me — death from the Lord of earth and heaven! — To him I do submit me — but to mortal never!"

Even as he spoke, a warder entered the low doorway, and whispered a brief message to Moscoso. Slight as were the sounds, and dim as waxed the senses of De Soto, he marked the entrance of the soldier, and eagerly inquired the purport of the news!

"A messenger" — was the reply — "an Indian runner — from the Natchez!"

"Admit him — he bears submission — admit him, so shall I die with triumph in my heart!"

The Indian entered — a man of stern features, and of well-nigh giant stature. — His head, shaven to the chivalrous scalp-lock, was decked with the plumes of the war-eagle, mingled with the feathers of a gayer hue — his throat was circled by a necklace, strung from the claws of the grizzly bear and cougar, fearfully mixed with tufts of human hair — his lineaments were covered with the black war-paint — in one hand he bore the crimson war-pipe, and in the other

the well-known emblem of Indian hostility, a bundle of shafts bound in the skin of the rattlesnake! — With a noiseless step he crossed the chamber, he flung the deadly gift upon the death-bed of De Soto — he raised the red pipe to his lips — he puffed the smoke — and then, in wild accents of his native tongue, bore to the Spaniards the defiance of his tribe, concluding his speech with the oft heard and unforgotten cadences of the war-whoop! —

As the dying leader caught the raised tone of the Indian's words — his eye had lightened, and his brow contracted into a writhing frown! He knew the import of his speech, by the modulations of his voice — his lip quivered — his chest heaved — his hands clutched the thin coverlid, as though they were grappling to the lance or rapier. The wild notes of the war-whoop rang through his ears — and in death — in death itself, the ruling passion was prevalent — manifestly, terribly prevalent!

He sprang to his feet — his form dilating, and his features flashing with all the energy of life — "St. Jago" — he shouted — "for Spain! — for Spain! — Soto and victory!" — and with an impotent effort to strike, he fell flat upon his face at the feet of the Indian, who had provoked his dying indignation! —

They raised him — but a flood of gore had gushed from eyes, mouth, ears — he had burst some one of the larger vessels — and was already lifeless, ere he struck the ground! —

The sun had even now sunk below the horizon — and, ere the preparations for his funeral had been

completed, it was already midnight. Five hundred torches of the resinous pine tree flashed with their crimson reflections on the turbid water, as the barks glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowled priests, with pix and crucifix and steaming censer, floated in the van, making the vaulted woods to echo the high notes of the *Te Deum*, chanted in lieu of the mournful *Miserere* over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

But as the canoe came onward in which the corpse was placed — seated erect, as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders — the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle-drum, and the Spanish war-cry — "St. Jago for De Soto and for Spain" — and the crash of the volleying arquebuses might be heard, startling the wild beasts, and the wilder Indians, of the forest, for leagues around.

There was a pause — a deep, deep pause — a sullen splash — and every torch was instantly extinguished. — "The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place." — *

* Bancroft's History.—Portugnese Relaçion.

THE CONQUEROR.

A DREAM.

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit power to sweep
Adown the gulf of time.

CAMPBELL.

METHOUGHT I stood near to the gates of Paradise. Above my head towered those amethystine ramparts, which had laughed to scorn, ages before the birth of time, the menaces of Lucifer and his rebellious crew! Before me, within the open portals, was a flood of glory — a sea of brilliant, everlasting, spirit-dazzling lustre, and amid the empyrean were angelic shapes, winged and beautiful, yet magnificent withal, and fearful. And I heard a voice, as of ten thousand silver trumpets, cry — "Place for the Conqueror!" —

And there was a stir among the multitudes, that crowded the vast area before the gates — for myriads of shadowy forms stood there, waiting the fiat of their destiny, — men — old, and in the prime of power, and in the golden flush of youth, — matrons, and maids, and infants, — some pale and conscience-stricken, cringing like hounds beneath the lash, — others serenely joyous, calm in the chastened ecstasy of hope, that doubteth not nor feareth.

And a shape stood forward at the summons;—a shape, proud, and majestic, and most rich in all those attributes, that bow men down before their fellow mortals. On his brow there was the likeness of an imperial crown, woven with leaves of the green bay tree—his eye, bold as the eagle's, seemed to gaze around in the vain hope to find a rival—his lip was wreathed with an exulting smile. But on the brow, beneath the crown, were furrows—deep blighted furrows, dug by the burning ploughshare of the passions; and on the green leaflets were broad gouts of blood; and in the eagle eye there was a glance of restlessness and of distrust, of aspirations never to be realized, of ambition unquenched, unquenchable; and on the smiling lip, there was a curl of melancholy scorn, and at times a quiver, as of inward agony.

And he answered, with tones deep as the lion's roar when the deserts are hushed in terror—"Lo, I am here!"—

And the voice cried again, from within the gates—"Truly thou art a conqueror—thou man of blood, thou reaper of the harvest of death, thou scourge of thine ill-fated race,—truly thou art a conqueror, and for thee is there a place made ready—but not here!"

And the shape vanished, but I saw not how, nor whither—and there was silence. And again the voice cried—"Place for the Conqueror!"—

And a shape stood forward at the summons;—but most unlike the former.—The countenance, though high and noble, was emaciate, and pale, and mournful; and the locks, although unmixed with gray,

were thin and scattered; and the frame was bent, and the limbs feeble. Yet on those mournful features there played a smile of more than earthly sweetness; and in the eye, the full dark eye, was a wild glance, now melting into the liquid depths of tenderness, now flashing with ineffable fire—and the gaze of that dark eye was upward—still upward!—For the laurel crown beneath his feet was withered, and the sweet strings of the lyre in his hand were "jangled, out of tune, and harsh," and the jeer and the scoff and the envy of the cold world were in his ears, and in his soul!—And with a high yet melancholy smile, as though he knew of his own worth, yet doubted its reception, he said likewise—"Lo, I am here!"—

And again the voice was heard, crying—"Truly, thou also art a conqueror!—The conqueror of time and place—the ruler of the young fresh heart—the soother of want and weariness and wo—the lord of language and of love—the conqueror of the soul, even as *he* was conqueror of the body! Truly, thou art a conqueror, and for thee also there is a place made ready—a place here—among, though not itself, the highest!"—

And the shape vanished, but I saw not how, or whither—and there was silence. And again the voice cried—"Place for the Conqueror!"—

And a shape stood forward at the summons;—a shape, not beautiful with the beauty of men, nor gorgeous with the trappings of rank, nor rich with the endowments of genius.—But over the homely form, and over the humble features, there was a glow

of pure and pious radiance—and beneath the feet of the shape lay wealth immeasurable—crowns of dignity, and scrolls of fame—rejected, though not disdained—and the homage of men, and the love of women—doubted, but not despised!—and around him, there were slaves with their fetters broken, now slaves no longer, with uplifted arms, and voices—and widows calling on him to behold the orphans he had rescued—and men won from the vainness, and the wilfulness of their own imaginations—and nations blessing the benefactor of the poor, the enemy of the oppressor, and the friend of the most High!

And the humble shape stood forward—confident, as it seemed, and fearless—and the lips moved—perchance in prayer, for no words went forth, nor any answer to the summons.

And again, from within the portals, the voice cried—"Truly thou art the conqueror—thou holy one! The conqueror of fear and falsehood—of sin and despair!—The conqueror of the passions—of the world—and of thyself! Stand forth!—Stand forth, thou conqueror!—For thee is the place made ready—highest and nearest to mine own—enter, thou conqueror."

And amidst the greetings of the angelic hosts, sweeping from immeasurable distance, a cataract of living harmony—and amid the mingled melody of harps and halleluiahs, that shape passed through the everlasting portals.—And as he passed, I woke, and lo, it was a dream! H.

TO AN OSTRICH FEATHER,

IN A LADY'S HEAD-DRESS.*

FRAILEST and fairest of the things of earth,—
Moved by each breezy wing that fans the depth
Of the blue vault—yea! sullied by a touch,
That had not soiled the pure and virgin snow—
What or whence art thou—so to be advanced
Pre-eminently—so to kiss the cheek,
Bask in the smile, and revel on the lip,
Of one, to whose least pleasure kings might bow,
Casting their coronals, and palmiest state,
Before her feet, most happy so to win
One favoring glance of those immortal eyes,
Fraught with the hue, the light, the love of heaven?—

Child of the lone and solitary wastes
Of red Sahara, by the desert ship
Cast as a tribute to the hot simoom,
That fills her surgy vans, what time elate
She lifts herself on high, and scorns the might
Of steed and rider! — The one living thing,
That loveth not her young, nor folds them close
Beneath her wing, nor guards them with her life! —

* See Frontispiece—The White Plume.

The giant bird — to which God gave nor sense,
Nor natural instinct, to preserve her race! —

Oh! hadst thou speech — what scenes 'twere thine to tell,
Of steeds Arabian, and of scorching sands
Watered with innocent gore, when thou perchance
Didst deck the swarthy robber's turbaned brow,
Waving from far, the signal of despair,
To the worn pilgrim, fainting in the sun!—
And thence of argosy, or caravel,
And ocean marvels, which thou didst survey —
Beyond the straits Herculean, and the isles
Once titled of the blest — stemming the surge
Of mightier seas than lave thy parent shore; —
Where erst broad Atalantis, with her crown
Of palmy forests, and savannahs green,
And mountains bathing their snow-circled heads
In the mid azure, courted the rent sail
Of storm-tossed mariner — submerged now,
And lost in gulphing waves, that thence did win
Its name Atlantic for the western main!

Thrice happy thou, to fall on latter days,
And shores Columbian — thou that mightst have shone,
In the dark centuries of the middle time,
A thing of slaughter, on the steely crest
Of Prince or Paladin — a standard-plume,
And rallying point, above the dust and din,
The hellish uproar, and the trumpet's yell!

More glorious now, and happier far, to float
In the rich atmosphere of beauty's breath —
A thing of love — a cynosure of hearts —
A fleecy cloud, veiling, but shadowing not,
A starry constellation of twin eyes,
Brightest and best of all the lights in heaven!

MUSIC.

TENDER, and soft, and slow,
The solemn numbers flow,
Like the low cadence of the tranquil sea;
My spirit feels her own
Each simple moving tone,
More dear than aught of strange sublimity!

Oh! if, in yonder sky,
The breast's glad melody
Finds utterance in music such as ours,
May not the once loved strain
There breathe, at times, again,
Bringing sweet memories of vanish'd hours? —

SIGNORINA.



ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Old cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling awhile, 'ere she unfurl'd,
Her gallant wing and soar'd away,
All hail! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruin'd nest!

What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As wand'ring these old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combin'd
In one short moment memory supplies,
They throng upon my waken'd mind,
As time's dark curtains rise.
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condens'd in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little barque
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drowned earth it whirl'd,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who brav'd the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the gloomy Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare,
And, where the red man chas'd the bounding deer,
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hairbrain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;
The pale fac'd strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood king, who their arts disdain'd,
Finds but a bloody grave, where once he reign'd.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife,
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
Each happy, great, and free;
One empire still another breeds,
A giant progeny,
To war upon the pigmy gods of earth,
The tyrants, to whom ignorance gave birth.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
I glance towards this lonely place,
And find it, these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping sound,
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity, to me
More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe;
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall wreathe
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green leav'd bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
No one that loves his native land;
No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
Can 'mid these lonely ruins stand,
Without a moisten'd eye, a grateful tear,
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round—
Of HIM whose strange, yet bright career,
Is written on this sacred ground,
In letters that no time shall sere;
Who in the old world smote the turban'd crew,
And founded Christian Empires in the new.

And SHE! the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who join'd man's heart, to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeem'd the scourgers of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear Goddess of the Sylvan grove.
Flower of the Forest, nature's pride,
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallow'd rock,
To me shall ever sacred be—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a prayer for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or, in New England claim his birth,
From the old Pilgrim's there,
He is a bastard, if he dare to mock,
Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock.

LOGOOCHIE;

OR,

THE BRANCH OF SWEET WATER.

A LEGEND OF GEORGIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF GUY RIVERS, ATALANTIS, AND THE YEMASSEE.

These woods have all been haunted, and the power
Of spirits still abides in tree and flower;
They have their tiny elves that dance by night,
When the leaves sparkle in the moonbeam's light;
And the wild Indian often, as he flew
Along their water in his birch canoe,
Beheld, in the soft light of summer eves,
Strange eyes and faces peering through the leaves;
Nor, are they vanish'd yet.—The woodman sees,
Even now, wild forms that lurk behind the trees;
And the pine forests have a chanted song,
The Indians say, must linger in them long.

I.

With the approach of the white settlers along the wild but pleasant banks of the St. Mary's river, in the state of Georgia, the startled deities of Indian mythology began to meditate their departure to forests more secure. Tribe after tribe of the aborigines had already gone, and the uncouth gods of their idolatry, presided, in numberless instances, only over their deserted habitations. The savages had carried with them no guardian divinities—no hallowed

household altars—cheering them, in their new places of abode, by the acceptance of their sacrifice, and with the promise of a moderate winter, or a successful hunt. In depriving them of the lands descended to them in trust from their fathers, the whites seemed also to have exiled them from the sweet and mystic influences, so aptly associated with the vague loveliness of forest life, of their many twilight superstitions. Their new groves, as yet, had no spells for the huntsman; and the Manneyto of their ancient sires failed to appreciate their tribute offerings, intended to propitiate his regards, or to disarm his anger. They were indeed outcasts; and, with a due feeling for their exiled worshippers, the forest-gods themselves determined also to depart from those long-hallowed sheltering places in the thick swamps of the Okephanokee, whence, from immemorial time, they had gone forth, to cheer or to chide the tawny hunter in his progress through life. They had served the fathers faithfully, nor were they satisfied that the sons should go forth unattended. They had consecrated his dwellings, they had stimulated his courage, they had thrown the pleasant waters along his path, when his legs failed him in the chase, and his lips were parched with the wanderings of the long day in summer; and though themselves overcome in the advent of superior gods, they had, nevertheless, prompted him to the last, in the protracted struggle which he had maintained, for so many years, and with such various successes, against his pale invaders. All that could be done for the feather-crowned and wolf-mantled warrior, had been done, by the divinities

he worshipped. He was overcome, driven away from his ancient haunts, but he still bowed in spirit to the altars, holy still to him, though, haplessly, without adequate power to secure him in his possessions. They determined not to leave him unprotected in his new abodes, and gathering, at the bidding of Satilla, the Mercury of the southern Indians, the thousand gods of their worship—the wood-gods and the water-gods—crowded to the flower-island of Okephanokee, to hear the commands of the Great Manneyto.

II.

All came but Logoochie, and where was he? he, the Indian mischief-maker—the Puck, the tricksiest spirit of them all,—he, whose mind, like his body, a creature of distortion, was yet gentle in its wildness, and never suffered the smallest malice to mingle in with its mischief. The assembly was dull without him—the season cheerless—the feast wanting in provocative. The Great Manneyto himself, with whom Logoochie was a favourite, looked impatiently on the approach of every new comer. In vain were all his inquiries—where is Logoochie? who has seen Logoochie? The question remained unanswered—the Great Manneyto unsatisfied. Anxious search was instituted in every direction for the discovery of the truant. They could hear nothing of him, and all scrutiny proved fruitless. They knew his vagrant spirit, and felt confident he was gone upon some mission of mischief; but they also knew how far beyond any capacity of their's to detect, was his

to conceal himself, and so, after the first attempt at search, the labour was given up in despair. They could get no tidings of Logoochie.

III.

The conference went on without him, much to the dissatisfaction of all parties. He was the spice of the entertainment, the spirit of all frolic; and though sometimes exceedingly annoying, even to the Great Manneyto, and scarcely less so to the rival power of evil, the Opitchi-Manneyto, yet, as the recognized joker on all hands, no one found it wise to take offence at his tricks. In council, he relieved the dull discourse of some drowsy god, by the sly sarcasm, which, falling innocuously upon the ears of the victim, was yet readily comprehended and applied by all the rest. On the journey, he kept all around him from any sense of weariness, — and, by the perpetual practical application of his humour, always furnished his companions, whether above or inferior to him in dignity, with something prime, upon which to make merry. In short, there was no god like Logoochie, and he was as much beloved by the deities, as he was honoured by the Indian, who implored him not to turn aside the arrow which he sent after the bounding buck, nor to spill the water out of his scooped leaf as he carried it from the running rivulet up to his mouth. All these were tricks of the playful Logoochie, and by a thousand, such as these, was he known to the Indians.

IV.

Where, then, was the absentee when his brother divinities started after the outlawed tribes? Had he not loved the Indians — had he no sympathy with his associate gods — and wherefore went he not upon the sad journey through the many swamps and the long stretches of sand and forest, that lay between the Okephanokee, and the rapidly-rushing waters of the Chatahoochie, where both the aborigines and their rude deities had now taken up their abode. Alas! for Logoochie! He loved the wild people, it is true, and much he delighted in the association of those having kindred offices with himself; but, though a mimic and a jester, fond of sportive tricks, and perpetually practising them on all around him, he was not unlike the memorable buffoon of Paris, who, while ministering to the amusement of thousands, possessing them with an infinity of fun and frolic, was yet, at the very time, craving a precious mineral from the man of science to cure him of his confirmed hypochondria. Such was the condition of Logoochie. The idea of leaving the old woods and the waters to which he had been so long accustomed, and which were associated in his memory with a thousand instances of merriment, was too much for his most elastic spirits to sustain; and the summons to depart filled him with a nameless, and, to him, a hitherto unknown form of terror. His organ of inhabitiveness had undergone prodigious increase, in the many exercises which his mind and mood had practised upon the banks of the beautiful Branch of Sweet

Water, where his favourite home had been chosen by a felicitous fancy. It was indeed a spot to be loved and dwelt upon, and he, who surveyed its clear and quiet waters, sweeping pleasantly onward, with a gentle murmur, under the high and bending pine trees that arched over and fenced it in, would have no wonder at its effect upon a spirit so susceptible, amidst all his frolic, as that of Logoochie. The order to depart made him miserable; he could not think of doing so; and, trembling all the while, he yet made the solemn determination not to obey the command; but rather to subject himself, by his refusal, to a loss of caste, and, perhaps, even severer punishment, should he be taken, from the other powers having guardianship with himself over the wandering red men. With the determination came the execution of his will. He secreted himself from those who sought him, and in the hollow of a log lay secure, even while the hunters uttered their conjectures and surmises under the very copse in which he was hidden. His arts to escape were manifold, and, unless the parties in search of him knew intimately his practices, he could easily elude their scrutiny by the simplest contrivances. Such, too, was the susceptibility of his figure for distortion, that even Satilla, the three-eyed, the messenger of the Indian divinities, the most acute and cunning among them, was not unfrequently overreached and evaded by the truant Logoochie. He too had searched for him in vain, though having a shrewd suspicion, as he stepped over a pine knot lying across a branch, just about dusk,

that it was something more than it seemed to be, yet passing on without examining it, and leaving the breathless Logoochie, for it was he, to gather himself up, the moment his pursuer was out of sight, and take himself off in a more secluded direction. The back of Logoochie was, of itself, little better than a stripe of the tree-bark, to those who remarked it casually. From his heel to his head, inclusive, it looked like so many articulated folds or scales of the pine tree, here and there bulging out into excrescences. The back of his head was a solid knot, for all the world like that of the scorched pine knot, hard and resinous. This knot ran across in front, so as to arch above and overhang his forehead, and was crowned with hair that, though soft, was thick and woody to the eye, and looked not unlike the plates of the pine-bur when green in season. It rose into a ridge or comb directly across the head from front to rear, like the war tuft of a Seminole warrior. His eyes, small and red, seemed, occasionally, to run into one another, and twinkled so, that you could not avoid laughing but to look upon them. His nose was flat, and the mouth was simply an incision across his face, reaching nigh to both his ears, which lapped and hung over like those of a hound. He was short in person, thick, and strangely bow-legged; and, to complete the uncouth figure, his arms, shooting out from under a high knot, that gathered like an epaulette upon each shoulder, possessed but a single though rather long bone, and terminated in a thick, squab, bur-like hand, having fingers, themselves inflexible and but of single

joints, and tipped, not with nails, but with claws, somewhat like those of the panther, and equally fearful in strife. Such was the vague general outline which, now and then, the Indian hunter, and, after him, the Georgia squatter, caught, towards evening, of the wandering Logoochie, as he stole suddenly from sight into the sheltering copse, that ran along the edges of some wide savannah.

The brother divinities of the Creek warriors had gone after their tribes, and Logoochie alone remained upon the banks of the Sweet Water Branch. He remained in spite of many reasons for departure. The white borderer came nigher and nigher, with every succeeding day. The stout log-house started up in the centre of his favourite groves, and many families, clustering within a few miles of his favourite stream, formed the nucleus of the flourishing little town of St. Mary's. Still he lingered, though with a sadness of spirit, hourly increasing, as every hour tended more and more to circumscribe the haunts of his playful wandering. Every day called upon him to deplore the overthrow, by the woodman's axe, of some well-remembered tree in his neighbourhood; and though he strove, by an industrious repetition of his old tricks, to prevent much of this desolation, yet the divinities which the white man brought with him were too potent for Logoochie. In vain did he gnaw by night the sharp edge of the biting steel, with which the squatter wrought so much desolation. Alas! the white man had an art given him by his God, by which he smoothed out the repeated gaps,

and sharpened it readily again, or found a new one, for the destruction of the forest. Over and over again did Logoochie think to take the trail of his people, and leave a spot in which a petty strife of this nature had become, though a familiar, a painful practice; but then, as he thought of the humiliating acknowledgment which, by so doing, he must offer to his brother gods, his pride came to his aid, and he determined to remain where he was. Then again as he rambled along the sweet waters of the branch, and talked pleasantly with the trees, his old acquaintance, and looked down upon little groups of Indians that occasionally came to visit this or that tumulus of the buried nations, he felt a sweet pleasure in the thought, that though all had gone of the old possessors, and a new people and new gods had come to sway the lands of his outlawed race, he still should linger and watch over, with a sacred regard, the few relics, and the speechless trophies, which the forgotten time had left them. He determined to remain still, as he long had been, the presiding genius of the place.

VI.

From habit, at length, it came to Logoochie to serve, with kind offices, the white settlers, just as he had served the red men before him. He soon saw that in many respects the people dwelling in the woods, however different their colour and origen, must necessarily resemble one another. They were in some particulars equally wild and equally simple.

He soon discovered too, that, however much they might profess indifference to the superstitions of the barbarous race they had superseded, they were not a whit more secure from the occasional tremors which followed his own practices or presence. More than once had he marked the fright of the young woodman, as, looking towards nightfall over his left shoulder, he had beheld the funny twinkling eyes, and the long slit mouth, receding suddenly into the bush behind him. This assured Logoochie of the possession still, even with a new people, of some of that power which he had exercised upon the old; and when he saw, too, that the character of the white man was plain, gentle, and unobtrusive, he came, after a brief study, to like him also; though, certainly, in less degree, than his Indian predecessors. From one step of his acquaintance with the new comers, to another, Logoochie at length began to visit, at stolen periods, and to prowl around the little cottage, of the squatter;—sometimes playing tricks upon his household, but more frequently employing himself in the analysis of pursuits, and of a character, as new almost to him as to the people whose places they had assumed. Nor will this seeming ignorance, on the part of Logoochie, subtract a single jot from his high pretension as an Indian god; since true philosophy and a deliberate reason, must long since have been aware, that the mythological rule of every people, has been adapted, by the superior of all, to their mental and physical condition; and the Great Manneyto of the savage, in his primitive state, was,

doubtless, as wise a provision for him then, as, in our time, has been the faith, which we proudly assume to be the close correlative of the highest point of moral liberty and social refinement.

VII.

In this way, making new discoveries daily, and gradually becoming known himself, though vaguely, to the simple cottagers around him, he continued to pass the time with something more of satisfaction than before; though still suffering pain at every stroke of the sharp and smiting axe, as it called up the deploring echoes of the rapidly yielding forest. Day and night he was busy, and he resumed, *in extenso*, many of the playful humours, which used to annoy the savages, and compel their homage. It is true, the acknowledgment of the white man was essentially different from that commonly made by the Indians. When their camp-pots were broken, their hatchets blunted, their bows and arrows warped, or they had suffered any other such mischief at his hands, they solemnly deprecated his wrath, and offered him tribute to disarm his hostility. All that Logoochie could extort from the borderer, was a sullen oath, in which the tricksy spirit was identified with no less a person than the devil, the Opitchi-Manneyto of the southern tribes. This — as Logoochie well knew the superior rank of that personage with his people — he esteemed a compliment; and its utterance was at all times sufficiently grateful in his ears to neutralize his spleen at the moment. In

addition to this, the habit of smoking more frequently and freely than the Indians, so common to the white man, contributed wonderfully to commend him to the favour of Logoochie. The odor in his nostrils was savory in the extreme, and he consequently regarded the smoker as tendering in this way, the deprecatory sacrifice, precisely as the savages had done before him. So grateful, indeed, was the oblation to his taste, that often, of the long summer evening, would he gather himself into a bunch, in the thick branches of the high tree overhanging the log-house, to inhale the reeking fumes that were sent up by the half oblivious woodman, as he lay reposing under its grateful shadow.

VIII.

There was one of these little cottages, which, for this very reason, Logoochie found great delight in visiting. It was tenanted by a sturdy old farmer, named Jones, and situated on the skirts of St. Mary's village, about three miles from the Branch of Sweet Water, the favorite haunt of Logoochie. Jones had a small family — consisting, besides himself, of his wife, his sister — a lady of certain age, and monstrous demure — and a daughter, Mary Jones, as sweet a May-flower, as the eye of a good taste would ever wish to dwell upon. She was young—only sixteen, and had not yet learned a single one of the thousand arts, which, in making a fine coquette, spoil usually a fine woman. She thought purely, and freely said all that she thought. Her old father loved her—her

mother loved her, and her aunt, she loved her too, and proved it, by doing her own, and the scolding of all the rest, whenever the light-hearted Mary said more in her eyes, or speech, than her aunt's conventional sense of propriety deemed absolutely necessary to be said. This family, Logoochie rather loved,—whether it was because farmer Jones did more smoking than any of the neighbours, or his sister more scolding, or his wife more sleeping, or his daughter more loving, we say not, but such certainly was the fact. Mary Jones had learned this latter art, if none other. A tall and graceful lad in the settlement, named Johnson, had found favour in her sight, and she in his; and it was not long before they made the mutual discovery. He was a fine youth, and quite worthy of the maiden; but then he was of an inquiring, roving temper, and though not yet arrived at manhood, frequently indulged in rambles, rather startling, even to a people whose habit in that respect is somewhat proverbial. He had gone in his wanderings even into the heart of the Okephanokee Swamp, and strange were the wonders, and wild the stories, which he gave of that region of Indian fable—a region, about which they have as many and as beautiful traditions, as any people can furnish from the store house of its primitive romance. This disposition on the part of Ned Johnson, though productive of much disquiet to his friends and family, they hoped to overcome or restrain, by the proposed union with Mary Jones—a connexion seemingly acceptable to all parties. Mary, like most other good young ladies,

had no doubt, indeed, of her power to control her lover in his wanderings, when once they were man and wife; and he, like most good young gentlemen in like cases, did not scruple to swear a thousand times, that her love would be as a chain about his feet, too potent to suffer him the slightest indulgence of his rambling desires.

IX.

So things stood, when, one day, what should appear in the Port of St. Mary's — the Pioneer of the Line—but a vessel—a schooner—a brightly painted, sharp, cunning looking craft, all the way from the eastern waters, and commanded by one of that daring tribe of Yankees, which will one day control the commercial world. Never had such a craft shown its face in those waters, and great was the excitement in consequence. The people turned out, *en masse*,—men, women, and children,—all gathered upon the sands at the point to which she was approaching, and while many stood dumb with mixed feelings of wonder and consternation, others, more bold and elastic, shouted with delight. Ned Johnson led this latter class, and almost rushed into the waters to meet the new comer, clapping his hands and screaming like mad. Logoochie himself, from the close hugging branches of a neighbouring tree, looked down, and wondered and trembled as he beheld the fast rushing progress toward him of what might be a new and more potent God. Then, when her little cannon, ostentatiously large for the necessity, belched forth its

thunders from her side, the joy and the terrror was universal. The rude divinity of the red men leaped down headlong from his place of eminence, and bounded on without stopping, until removed from the sight and the shouting, in the thick recesses of the neighbouring wood; while the children of the squatters taking to their heels, went bawling and squalling back to the village, never thinking for a moment to reach it alive. The schooner cast her anchor, and her captain came to land. Columbus looked not more imposing, leaping first to the virgin soil of the New World, than our worthy down-easter, commencing, for the first time, a successful trade in onions, potatoes, codfish, and crab-cider, with the delighted Georgians of our little village. All parties were overjoyed, and none more so than our young lover, Master Edward Johnson. He drank in with willing ears and a still thirsting appetite, the narrative which the Yankee captain gave the villagers of his voyage. His long yarn, be sure, was stuffed with wonders. The new comer soon saw from Johnson's looks how greatly he had won the respect and consideration of the youthful wanderer, and, accordingly, addressed some of his more spirited and romantic adventures purposely to him. Poor Mary Jones beheld, with dreadful anticipations, the voracious delight which sparkled in the eyes of Ned as he listened to the marvellous narrative, and had the thing been at all possible or proper, she would have insisted, for the better control of the erratic boy, that old Parson Collins should at once do his duty, and give her legal authority to say to her

lover—"obey, my dear,—stay at home, or," etc. She went back to the village in great tribulation, and Ned —he stayed behind with Captain Nicodemus Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nancy."

X.

Now Nicodemus, or, as they familiarly called him, "Old Nick," was a wonderfully 'cute personage; and as he was rather slack of hands — was not much of a penman or grammarian, and felt that in his new trade he should need greatly the assistance of one to whom the awful school mystery of fractions and the rule of three had, by a kind fortune, been developed duly—he regarded the impression which he had obviously made upon the mind of Ned Johnson, as promising to neutralize, if he could secure him, some few of his own deficiencies. He addressed himself, therefore, particularly to this end, and was successful. The head of the youth was now filled with the wonders of the sea; and after a day or two of talk, in which the captain sold off his notions, he came point blank to the subject in the little cabin of the schooner. The captain sat over against him, with many papers before him; some were grievous mysteries; one in particular, which called for the summing up, consecutively, of numerous items of sale, in which the cross currency of the different states worked no small increase of difficulty in his already bewildered brain. To reconcile the York shilling, the Pennsylvania *levy*, the Georgia *thrip*, the Carolina *fourpence*, the Louisiana *bit* and *pickaiune*, was a task rather beyond

the ordinary powers of Captain Doolittle. He crossed his right leg over his left, but still he failed to prove his sum. He reversed the movement, and the left leg now lay problematically over the right. The product was very hard to find. He took a sup of cider, and then he thought things began to look a little clearer; but a moment after all was cloud again, and at length the figures absolutely seemed to run into one another. He could stand it no longer, and slapped his hand down, at length, with such emphasis, upon the table, as to startle the poor youth, who, all the while, had been dreaming of plunging and wriggling dolphins, seen in all their gold and glitter, three feet or less in the waters below the advancing prow of the ship. The start which Johnson made, at once showed the best mode to the captain of extrication from his difficulty.

"There—there, my dear boy,—take some cider—only a little—do you good—best thing in the world—There,—and now do run up these figures, and see how we agree."

Ned was a clever lad, and used to stand head of his class. He unravelled the mystery in little time—reconciled the cross-currency of the several sovereign states, and was rewarded by his patron with a hearty slap upon the shoulder, and another cup of cider. It was not difficult after this to agree, and half fearing that all the while he was not doing right by Mary Jones, he dashed his signature, in a much worse hand than he was accustomed to write, upon a printed paper which Doolittle thrust to him across the table.

"And now, my dear boy," said the captain, "you are my secretary, and shall have best berth, and place along with myself, in the 'Smashing Nancy.'"

XI.

The bargain had scarcely been struck, and the terms well adjusted with the Yankee captain, before Ned Johnson began to question the propriety of what he had done. He was not so sure that he had not been hasty, and felt that the pain his departure would inflict upon Mary Jones, would certainly be as great in degree, as the pleasure which his future adventures must bring to himself. Still, when he looked forward to those adventures, and remembered the thousand fine stories of Captain Doolittle, his dreams came back, and with them came a due forgetfulness of the hum-drum happiness of domestic life. The life in the woods, indeed—as if there was life, strictly speaking, in the eternal monotony of the pine forests, and the drowsy hum they keep up so ceaselessly. Wood-chopping, too, was his aversion, and when he reflected upon the acknowledged superiority of his own over all the minds about him, he felt that his destiny called upon him for better things, and a more elevated employment. He gradually began to think of Mary Jones, as of one of those influences which had subtracted somewhat from the nature and legitimate exercises of his own genius; and whose claims, therefore, if acknowledged by him, as she required, must only be acknowledged at the expense and sacrifice of the higher pursuits and purposes for

which the discriminating Providence had designed him. The youth's head was fairly turned by his ambitious yearnings, and it was strange how subtimely metaphysical his musings now made him. He began to analyze closely the question, since made a standing one among the phrenologists, as to how far particular heads were intended for particular pursuits. General principles were soon applied to special developments in his own case, and he came to the conclusion, just as he placed his feet upon the threshold of Father Jones's cottage, that he should be contending with the aim of fate, and the original design of the Deity in his own creation, if he did not go with Captain Nicodemus Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nancy."

XII.

"Ahem! Mary—" said Ned, finding the little girl conveniently alone, half sorrowful, and turning the whizzing spinning wheel.

"Ahem, Mary—ahem—" and as he brought forth the not very intelligible introduction, his eye had in it a vague indeterminateness that looked like confusion, though, truth to speak, his head was high and confident enough.

"Well, Ned—"

"Ahem! ah, Mary, what did you think of the beautiful vessel. Was n't she fine, eh?"

"Very—very fine, Ned, though she was so large, and, when the great gun was fired, my heart beat so—I was frightened, Ned—that I was."

"Frightened—why what frightened you, Mary," exclaimed Ned proudly—"that was grand, and as soon as we get to sea, I shall shoot it off myself."

"Get to sea—why Ned—get to sea. Oh, dear, why—what do you mean?" and the bewildered girl, half conscious only, yet doubting her senses, now left the wheel, and came toward the contracted secretary of Captain Doolittle.

"Yes, get to sea, Mary. What! don't you know I'm going with the captain clear away to New-York?"

Now, how should she know, poor girl? He knew that she was ignorant, but as he did not feel satisfied of the propriety of what he had done, his phraseology had assumed a somewhat indirect and distorted complexion.

"You going with the Yankee, Ned—you don't say."

"Yes, but I do—and what if he is a Yankee, and sells notions—I'm sure, there's no harm in that; he's a main smart fellow, Mary, and such wonderful things as he has seen, it would make your hair stand on end to hear him. I'll see them too, Mary, and then tell you."

"Oh, Ned,—you're only joking now—you don't mean it, Ned—you only say so to tease me—Is'nt it so, Ned—say it is—say yes, dear Ned, only say yes."

And the poor girl caught his arm, with all the confiding warmth of an innocent heart, and as the tears gathered slowly, into big drops, in her eyes, and

they were turned appealingly up to his, the heart of the wanderer smote him for the pain it had inflicted upon one so gentle. In that moment, he felt that he would have given the world to get off from his bargain with the captain; but this mood lasted not long. His active imagination provoking a curious thirst after the unknown; and his pride, which suggested the weakness of a vacillating purpose, all turned and stimulated him to resist and refuse the prayer of the conciliating affection, then beginning to act within him in rebuke. Speaking through his teeth, as if he dreaded that he should want firmness, he resolutely reiterated what he had said; and, while the sad girl listened, silently, as one thunder struck, he went on to give a glowing description of the wonderful discoveries in store for him during the proposed voyage. Mary sunk back upon her stool, and the spinning wheel went faster than ever; but never in her life had she broken so many tissues. He did his best at consolation, but the true hearted girl, though she did not the less suffer as he pleaded, at least forbore all complaint. The thing seemed irrevocable, and so she resigned herself, like a true woman, to the imperious necessity. Ned, after a while, adjusted his plaited straw to his cranium, and sallied forth with a due importance in his strut, but with a swelling something at his heart, which he tried in vain to quiet.

XIII.

And what of poor Mary—the disconsolate, the deserted and denied of love. She said nothing, ate her dinner in silence, and then putting on her bonnet, prepared to sally forth in a solitary ramble.

"What ails it, child," said old Jones, with a rough tenderness of manner.

"Where going, baby?" asked her mother, half asleep.

"Out again, Mary Jones—out again," vociferously shouted the antique aunt, who did all the family scolding.

The little girl answered them all meekly, without the slightest show of impatience, and proceeded on her walk.

The "Branch of Sweet Water," now known by this name to all the villagers of St. Mary's, was then, as it was supposed to be his favourite place of abode, commonly styled, "The Branch of Logoochie." The Indians—such stragglers as either lingered behind their tribes, or occasionally visited the old scenes of their home,—had made the white settlers somewhat acquainted with the character and the supposed presence of that playful God, in the region thus assigned him; and though not altogether assured of the idleness of the superstition, the young and innocent Mary Jones had no apprehensions of his power. She, indeed, had no reason for fear, for Logoochie had set her down, long before, as one of his favorites. He had done her many little services, of which she was unaware, nor was she the only mem-

ber of her family indebted to his ministering good will. He loved them all—all but the scold, and many of the annoyances to which the old maid was subject, arose from this antipathy of Logoochie. But to return.

It was in great tribulation that Mary set out for her usual ramble along the banks of the "Sweet Water." Heretofore most of her walks in that quarter had been made in company with her lover. Here, perched in some sheltering oak, or safely doubled up behind some swollen pine, the playful Logoochie, himself unseen, a thousand times looked upon the two lovers, as, with linked arms, and spirits maintaining, as it appeared, a perfect unison, they walked in the shade during the summer afternoon. Though sportive and mischievous, such sights were pleasant to one who dwelt alone; and there were many occasions, when, their love first ripening into expression, he would divert from their path, by some little adroit art or management of his own, the obtrusive and unsympathising woodman, who might otherwise have spoiled the sport which he could not be permitted to share. Under his unknown sanction and service, therefore, the youthful pair had found love a rapture, until, at length, poor Mary had learned to regard it as a necessary too. She knew the necessity from the privation, as she now rambled alone; her wandering lover meanwhile improving his knowledge by some additional chit-chat, on matters and things in general, with the captain, with whom he had that day dined heartily on codfish and potatoes, a new dish to

young Johnson, which gave him an additional idea of the vast resources of the sea.

XIV.

Mary Jones at length trod the banks of the Sweet Water, and footing it along the old pathway to where the rivulet narrowed, she stood under the gigantic tree which threw its sheltering and concealing arms completely across the stream. With an old habit, rather than a desire for its refreshment, she took the gourd from the limb whence it depended, *pro bono publico*, over the water, and scooping up a draught of the innocent beverage, she proceeded to drink, when, just as she carried the vessel to her lips, a deep moan assailed her ears, as from one in pain, and at a little distance. She looked up, and the moan was repeated, and with increased fervency. She saw nothing, however, and somewhat startled, was about to turn quickly on her way homeward, when a third and more distinct repetition of the moan, appealed so strongly to her natural sense of duty, that she could stand it no longer; and with the noblest of all kinds of courage, for such is the courage of humanity, she hastily tripped over the log which ran across the stream, and proceeded in the direction from whence the sounds had issued. A few paces brought her in sight of the sufferer, who was no other than our solitary acquaintance, Logoochie. He lay upon the grass, doubled now into a knot, and now stretching and writhing himself about in agony. His whole appearance indicated suffering, and there was nothing

equivocal in the expression of his moanings. The astonishment, not to say fright, of the little cottage maiden, may readily be conjectured. She saw, for the first time, the hideous and uncouth outline of his person—the ludicrous combination of feature in his face. She had heard of Logoochie, vaguely; and without giving much, if any, credence to the mysterious tales related by the credulous woodman, returning home at evening, of his encounter in the forest with its pine-bodied divinity;—and now, as she herself looked down upon the suffering and moaning monster, it would be difficult to say, whether curiosity or fear was the most active principle in her bosom. He saw her approach, and he half moved to rise and fly; but a sudden pang, as it seemed, brought him back to a due sense of the evil from which he was suffering, and, looking towards the maiden with a mingled expression of good humor and pain in his countenance, he seemed to implore her assistance. The poor girl did not exactly know what to do, or what to conjecture. What sort of monster was it before her. What queer, distorted, uncouth limbs—what eyes, that twinkled and danced into one another—and what a mouth. She was stu pified for a moment, until he spoke, and, stranger still, in a language that she understood. And what a musical voice,—how sweetly did the words roll forth, and how soothingly, yet earnestly, did they strike upon her ear. Language is indeed a God, and powerful before all the rest. His words told her all his misfortunes, and the tones were all-sufficient

to inspire confidence in one even more suspicious than our innocent cottager. Besides, humanity was a principle in her heart, while fear was only an emotion, and she did not scruple, where the two conflicted, after the pause for reflection of a moment, to determine in favour of the former. She approached Logoochie—she approached him, firmly determined in her purpose, but trembling all the while. As she drew nigh, the gentle monster stretched himself out at length, patiently extending one foot towards her, and raising it in such a manner as to indicate the place which afflicted him. She could scarce forbear laughing, when she looked closely upon the strange feet. They seemed covered with bark, like that of the small leafed pine tree; but as she stooped, to her great surprise, the coating of his sole, flew wide as if upon a hinge, showing below it a skin as soft, and white, and tender, seemingly, as her own. There, in the centre of the hollow, lay the cause of his suffering. A poisonous thorn had penetrated, almost to the head, as he had suddenly leaped from the tree, the day before, upon the gun being fired from the "Smashing Nancy." The spot around it was greatly inflamed, and Logoochie, since the accident, had vainly striven, in every possible way, to rid himself of the intruder. His short, inflexible arms, had failed so to reach it as to make his fingers available; and then, having claws rather than nails, he could scarce have done any thing for his own relief, even could they have reached it. He now felt the evil of his isolation, and the danger of his seclusion from

his brother divinities. His case was one, indeed, of severe bachelorism; and, doubtless, had his condition been less than that of a deity, the approach of Mary Jones to his aid, at such a moment, would have produced a dreaded revolution in his domestic economy. Still trembling, the maiden bent herself down to the task, and with a fine courage, that did not allow his uncouth limbs to scare, or his wild and monstrous features to deter, she applied her own small fingers to the foot, and carefully grappling the head of the wounding thorn with her nails, with a successful effort, she drew it forth and rid him of his encumbrance. The wood-god leaped to his feet, threw a dozen antics in the air, to the great terror of Mary, then running a little way into the forest, soon returned with a handful of fresh leaves, which he bruised between his fingers, and applied to the irritated and wounded foot. He was well in a moment after, and pointing the astonished Mary to the bush from which he had taken the anointing leaves, thus made her acquainted with one item in the history of Indian pharmacy.

XV.

"The daughter of the white clay — she has come to Logoochie, — to Logoochie when he was suffering.

"She is a good daughter to Logoochie, and the green spirits who dwell in the forests, they love, and will honor her.

"They will throw down the leaves before her, they will spread the branches above her, they will hum a

sweet song in the tree top, when she walks underneath it.

"They will watch beside her, as she sleeps in the shade, in the warm sun of the noon-day, — they will keep the flat viper, and the war rattle, away from her ear.

"They will do this to honor Logoochie, for they know Logoochie, and he loves the pale daughter. She came to him in his suffering.

"She drew the poison thorn from his foot — she fled not away when she saw him.

"Speak, — let Logoochie hear — there is sorrow in the face of the pale daughter. Logoochie would know it and serve her, for she is sweet in the eye of Logoochie."

XVI.

Thus said, or rather sung, the uncouth god, to Mary, as, after the first emotions of his own joy were over, he beheld the expression of melancholy in her countenance. Somehow, there was something so fatherly, so gentle, and withal, so melodious, in his language, that she soon unbosomed herself to him, telling him freely and in the utmost confidence, though without any hope of relief at his hands, the history of her lover, and the new project for departure which he had now got in his head. She was surprised, and pleased, when she saw that Logoochie smiled at the narrative. She was not certain, yet she had a vague hope, that he could do something for her relief; and her conjecture was not in vain. He spoke — "Why

should the grief be in the heart and the cloud on the face of the maiden? Is not Logoochie to help her? He stands beside her to help. Look, daughter of the pale clay — look! There is a power in the leaf that shall serve thee at the bidding of Logoochie; — the bough and the branch have a power for thy good, when Logoochie commands; and the little red-berry which I now pluck from the vine hanging over thee, it is strong with a spirit which is good in thy work, when Logoochie has said in thy service. Lo, I speak to the leaf, and to the bough, and to the berry. They shall speak to the water, and one draught from the branch of Logoochie, shall put chains on the heart of the youth who would go forth with the stranger."

As he spoke, he gathered the leaf, broke a bough from an overhanging tree, and, with a red berry, pulled from a neighboring vine, approached the Branch of Sweet Water, and turning to the west, muttered a wild spell of Indian power, then threw the tributes into the rivulet. The smooth surface of the stream was in an instant ruffled — the offerings were whirled suddenly around — the waters broke, boiled, bubbled and parted, and, in another moment, the bough, the berry, and the leaf, had disappeared from their sight.

XVII.

Mary Jones was not a little frightened by these exhibitions, but she was a girl of courage, and having once got over the dread and the novelty of contact with a form so monstrous as that of Logoochie, the

after effort was not so great. She witnessed the incantations of the demon without a word, and when they were over, she simply listened to his farther directions, half stupified with what she had seen, and not knowing how much of it to believe. He bade her bring her lover, as had been the custom with them hitherto, to the branch, and persuade him to drink of its waters. When she inquired into its effect, which, at length, with much effort she ventured to do, he bade her be satisfied, and all would go right. Then, with a word, which was like so much music — a word she did not understand, but which sounded like a parting acknowledgment, — he bounded away into the woods, and, a moment after, was completely hidden from her sight.

XVIII.

Poor Mary, not yet relieved from her surprise, was still sufficiently aroused and excited to believe there was something in it; and as she moved off on her way home, how full of anticipation was her thoughts— pleasant anticipation in which her heart took active interest, and warmed, at length, into a strong and earnest hope. She scarcely gave herself time to get home, and never did the distance between Sweet Water Branch and the cottage of her father appear so extravagantly great. She reached it, however, at last; and there, to her great joy, sat her lover, alongside the old man, and giving him a glowing account, such as he had received from the Yankee Captain, of the wonders to be met with in his coming voyage.

Old Jones listened patiently, puffing his pipe all the while, and saying little, but now and then, by way of commentary, uttering an ejaculatory grunt, most commonly, of sneering disapproval.

"Better stay at home, a d—d sight, Ned Johnson, and follow the plough."

Ned Johnson, however, thought differently, and it was not the farmer's grunts or growlings that was now to change his mind. Fortunately for the course of true love, there were other influences at work, and the impatience of Mary Jones to try them was evident, in the clumsiness which she exhibited while passing the knife under the thin crust of the corn hoe-cake that night for supper, and laying the thick masses of fresh butter, between the smoking and savory-smelling sides, as she turned them apart. The evening wore, at length, and, according to an old familiar habit, the lovers walked forth to the haunted and fairy-like branch of Logoochie, or the Sweet Water. It was the last night in which they were to be together, prior to his departure in the Smashing Nancy. That bouncing vessel and her dexterous Captain were to depart with early morning; and it was as little as Ned Johnson could do, to spend that night with his sweetheart. They were both melancholy enough, depend upon it. She, poor girl, hoping much, yet still fearing — for when was true love without fear — she took his arm, hung fondly upon it, and, without a word between them for a long while, inclined him, as it were naturally, in the required direction. Ned really loved her, and was sorry enough when the

thought came to him, that this might be the last night of their association; but he plucked up courage, with the momentary weakness, and though he spoke kindly, yet he spoke fearlessly, and with a sanguine temper, upon the prospect of the sea-adventure before him. Mary said little — her heart was too full for speech, but she looked up now and then into his eyes, and he saw, by the moonlight, that her own glistened as with tears. He turned away his glance as he saw it, for his heart smote him with the reproach of her desertion.

XIX.

They came at length to the charmed streamlet, the Branch of the Sweet Water, to this day known for its fascinations. The moon rose sweetly above it, the trees coming out in her soft light, and the scatterings of her thousand beams glancing from the green polish of their crowding leaves. The breeze that rose along with her was soft and wooing as herself; while the besprinkling fleece of the small white clouds, clustering along the sky, and flying from her splendors, made the scene, if possible, far more fairy-like and imposing. It was a scene for love, and the heart of Ned Johnson grew more softened than ever. His desire for adventure grew modified; and when Mary bent to the brooklet and scooped up the water for him to drink, with the water-gourd that hung from the bough, wantoning in the breeze that loved to play over the pleasant stream, Ned could not help thinking she never looked more beautiful. The water trickled

from the gourd as she handed it to him, falling like droppings of the moonshine again into its parent stream. You should have seen her eye—so full of hope—so full of doubt—so beautiful—so earnest,—as he took the vessel from her hands. For a moment he hesitated, and then how her heart beat and her limbs trembled. But he drank off the contents at a draught, and gave no sign of emotion. Yet his emotions were strange and novel. It seemed as if so much ice had gone through his veins in that moment. He said nothing, however, and dipping up a gourd full for Mary, he hung the vessel again upon the pendant bough, and the two moved away from the water—not, however, before the maiden caught a glimpse, through the intervening foliage, of those two queer, bright, little eyes of Logoochie, with a more delightful activity than ever, dancing gayly into one.

XX.

But the spell had been effectual, and a new nature filled the heart of him, who had heretofore sighed vaguely for the unknown. The roving mood had entirely departed; he was no longer a wanderer in spirit, vexed to be denied. A soft languor overspread his form—a weakness gathered and grew about his heart, and he now sighed unconsciously. How soft, yet how full of emphasis, was the pressure of Mary's hand upon his arm as she heard that sigh; and how forcibly did it remind the youth that she who walked beside him was his own—his own forever. With the

thought came a sweet perspective—a long vista rose up before his eyes, crowded with images of repose and plenty, such as the domestic nature likes to dream of.

"Oh, Mary, I will not go with this Captain—I will not. I will stay at home with you, and we shall be married."

Thus he spoke, as the crowding thoughts, such as we have described, came up before his fancy.

"Will you—shall we? Oh, dear Edward, I am so happy."

And the maiden blessed Logoochie, as she uttered her response of happy feeling.

"I will, dear—but I must hide from Doolittle. I have signed papers to go with him, and he will be so disappointed—I must hide from him."

"Why must you hide, Edward—he cannot compel you to go, unless you please; and you just to be married."

Edward thought she insisted somewhat unnecessarily upon the latter point, but he replied to the first.

"I am afraid he can. I signed papers—I don't know what they were, for I was rash and foolish—but they bound me to go with him, and unless I keep out of the way, I shall have to go."

"Oh, dear—why, Ned, where will you go—you must hide close,—I would not have him find you for the world."

"I reckon not. As to the hiding, I can go where all St. Mary's can't find me; and that's in Okephanokee."

'Oh, don't go so far — it is so dangerous, for some of the Seminoles are there!"

"And what if they are? — I don't care *that* for the Seminoles. They never did me any harm, and never will. But, I shan't go quite so far. Bull swamp is close enough for me, and there I can watch the "Smashing Nancy" 'till she gets out to sea."

XXI.

Having thus determined, it was not long before Ned Johnson made himself secure in his place of retreat, while Captain Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nancy," in great tribulation, ransacked the village of St. Mary's in every direction for his articled seaman, for such Ned Johnson had indeed oecome. Doolittle deserved to lose him for the trick which, in this respect, he had played upon the boy. His search proved fruitless, and he was compelled to sail at last. Ned, from the top of a high tree on the edge of Bull swamp, watched his departure, until the last gleam of the white sail flitted away from the horizon; then descending, he made his way back to St. Mary's, and it was not long before he claimed and received the hand of his pretty cottager in marriage. Logoochie was never seen in the neighbourhood after this event. His accident had shown him the necessity of keeping with his brethren, for, reasoning from all analogy, gods must be social animals not less than men. But, in departing, he forgot to take the spell away which he had put upon the Sweet Water Branch; and to this day, the stranger, visiting St. Mary's, is warned

not to drink from the stream, unless he proposes to remain; for still, as in the case of Ned Johnson, it binds the feet and enfeebles the enterprise of him who partakes of its pleasant waters.

SONG.

O! why do they say that affection is vain,
Brings wo while it lasts, and soon closes in pain;
That changes and death on our friendships will steal,
That 'tis folly to love, and but sorrow to feel?

'Tis true that our friendships may change and decay;
But do we for that cast the flowers away?
And will not the falsehood of many a loved name,
Make dearer the few who are ever the same?

For death, which they say puts an end to our love,
Sets it safe from all change, in its own home above:
Then cherish affections, for happiness given,
For changeless, and endless, they flourish in heaven!

SIGNORINA.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
WORDSWORTH.

I.

A YOUNG and gentle mother,
She bows above her boy,
And a tear is in her downcast eye,
But 'tis the tear of joy —
Of one whose few fair summers
On golden wings have sped,
Like childhood's dreams of Paradise,
Above her sainted head.
Loved, ere her life's flush morning
Had kindled into day,
And worshipped, as she wooed the flowers
That bloomed around her way,
By one whose warm affections
On her wondrous beauty hung,
And their first taintless tribute gave
To the shrine to which they clung!





II.

A young and gentle mother —
Still beautiful, but pale
With sleepless but unwearied watch,
Alike through joy and wail.
A mother! — yet believing
Life's duties scarce begun —
Whose childhood seemed of yesterday,
In its unclouded sun;
So early had the story
Of idol Love been told —
So early had her virgin heart
Been gathered to its fold!

III.

And he who won her — where is he,
In this her day of pride,
When every hope she claimed before
By this grew dim and died!
So priceless was the treasure
Her throbbing bosom bore,
So centered was her spirit now
On one she could adore!
Where is he! — Ah! her vision
Is of shadowy ships and seas —
And *for* him the unuttered prayer
Is poured on bended knees.
Each day in thought she follows
His stormy ocean track,
And every dreamy midnight still
Her pillow brings him back.

For he—for distant regions
Torn early from her side,—
Had parted, with his heart in tears,
From that outsobbing bride.

IV.

Long time afar he lingered,
And oft the message came
Of fadeless love—and of cruel fate
The tale was still the same.
Years fled—and still he wandered—
In one long dream of home,
And prattling voices round its hearth—
An exile, doomed to roam

V.

At length her leaping spirit
Its promised bliss had found,
And she heard its pulses quick and loud
Beat to the welcome sound.
He on the bounding waters
Had cast himself once more,
To greet that home, and hearth, and bride,
That rose above their roar
Like lights amid a tempest—
Bright beacons of the land,
Where all we love shall hail us soon,
A joy-inspiring band!

VI.

'Twas then I saw that mother,
And babe with silken hair,
And all a mother's pride and hope,
Just dashed with fear, was there.
Her head upon his temple
Was stooped in pensive rest,
Mingling its light, uncumbered locks
With those that veiled her breast,
Her eye, just dropped in shadow,
Looked melancholy down,
And the tear that glittered from its depths
Was not of grief alone—
But the still look of thankfulness
That o'er her features fell,
Lent even to the tears a beam
That told you all was well!
One arm around her idol
Protectingly was flung,
The other, as of one in dreams,
Beside her aimless hung.—

* * *

VII.

O Innocence and Beauty!—
And Youth, with all its flowers,
When they *together* round us come,
What a heritage is ours!
Who ever dreams a sepulchre
O'er such can darkly close,

Or the heart's sun e'er set in clouds,
That robed in lustre rose!

* * * * *

VIII.

Alas! that gentle mother —
I saw her not again,
Till, in my village wanderings,
I joined the burial train.
They told me, as we silent wheeled
Among the verdant graves,
That *he*, her first — last hope on earth,
Was snatched into the waves! —
And, ever after, that her cheek,
Like her infant's eye, grew dim,
And her waning life was but a prayer,
Or quiet, lonely hymn. —
And thus her passing spirit
Beheld her infant's go,
'Till all that lit her pilgrimage
Was shattered at a blow.
Then, pointing to the tomb, her fate
Began their faltering way
Through earth's last farewell faded bloom
To Immortality!

MUERTE EN GARROTE VIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A YEAR IN SPAIN.

It was my fortune to be in Madrid during the whole month of February, 1834. For years the hard hand of despotism had borne heavily on the people of that brilliant capital, dooming them to a state of quiescent dulness unsuited to their character. The theatre and the bull-fight were the only pastimes permitted by a jealous government uncertain of its stability, and suspicious of any reunions that might minister to the designs of conspirators against the Altar and the Throne. The theatre, of course, under a searching censorship, might easily be prevented from becoming a school of insubordination. There was little danger of the audience extracting from the entertainment, which was there provided for them, any such lessons of disloyalty as might have been drawn from the representations of tragedies like the Philip of Alfieri. Their religious feelings were kept alive, on the contrary, by the spectacle of Pelayo,

struggling in defence of the faith; or of the Catholic kings administering the death blow to Paganism in the vega of Granada; their loyalty was nourished by the contemplation of how that truly Spanish virtue was honored in the achievements of the Cid, of Guzman, and of Garci Perez de Vargas; whilst in order not wholly to weary with the tame spectacle of goodness creatures born with all the evil propensities that man is heir to, and to cultivate a sentiment natural to the soil, which might be turned advantageously against all liberals, free-masons, and enemies to the ancient customs of Spain—that of which a Spaniard thinks when he exclaims with such a proud energy—*nuestros antiguos costumbres!*—The sentiment of stern hatred was kept alive in their bosoms, by the frequent exhibition of such scenes as abound in the 'Secret Revenge to a Secret Injury,' or, 'Vengeance to the Death;' the merciless imaginations of that Calderon, who had a double claim to be vindictive, in being both a soldier and a priest. The bull-fight, the never failing spectacle of death to man or beast, and not unfrequently to both; the tragedy, in which all the blows are real, and the blood, the warm current in which life pours itself forth, was well suited, by brutalizing the minds of the common people, to accommodate them to the despotism under which they lived.

In those days, each carnival came and went unattended with rejoicings, beyond the discharge of sugarplums at a passing acquaintance, from a fair hand behind a balcony or verandah. There were no public balls, and even persons of distinction, wishing to

honor the season, by a festive reunion, within the domestic citadel, and sanctuary of their own homes, could with difficulty obtain permission to do so from the Prefect of Police. Now, however, all was changed. The government had passed into the hands of the liberals; unrestrained license had succeeded to watchful oppression; balls and maskings became the business of life; and a whole population, abandoning itself to a mad spirit of gayety, sought to concentrate, into one month of revelry, the amusements which should have been spread over the past years, during which despotism had suppressed them. Theatres, cafés, and taverns, were extemporized into ball-rooms. There were diversions for the high and for the low; for those who had great means, and those who had little. Maskers paraded the streets in the most grotesque costumes, music broke from each house, and the tinkling guitar of the serenader was heard under every balcony.

It was not easy to be in the midst of such scenes without being drawn into the universal whirl. Though there was nothing in all this round of dissipation congenial to my habits, or in harmony with my tastes, I yet found myself almost nightly going, in company with my associates, to one or more of these scenes of festivity. Fond of early hours and of a quiet life, each morning saw me retracing my steps to my lodgings, serenaded by the first crowing of the cock, and the howl of the lazaroni dogs, which forage disowned in the streets of the capital.

I had been one night at the most brilliant ball that

I had ever seen in Madrid. It was at the palace of an illustrious ambassador, and brought together an elegant assemblage of ministers of state, diplomats, the choice of the nobility, and whatever was most distinguished in the capital. The collection of beauty was most dazzling; the eyes, the forms, the feet, the ankles, such as could only be seen in Spain; the dresses were imitated from all that is most graceful in the costumes of the world, and the supper such as to do no discredit to a host who was there with a salary, which, done into Spanish reals, would have made somewhat more than a million. With such temptations, and with people to talk to, whom I had known and valued years before, it was easy to find the time slipping away, and to discover, as I retraced my steps homeward, that the hour was an unusually late one.

I made as I went, for the thousandth time, the reflection, that after all, the most agreeable part of the most agreeable ball, is the moment when one escapes from observation, constraint, and suffocation, to solitude and the open air,—to communion with the serene heavens, and with himself. I longed for the day when the carnival should at length be over, and Catholic Spain return from masquerades to masses;—when sermons, listened to in the dim and darkened naves of Gothic temples, should supplant the flippant discourse of jaded intriguers;—the solemnly resounding thunder of the organ, the soft and sober tones of bassoons and viols, the mellow harmony of human voices, proceeding in angelic hallelujahs from the

unseen recesses of the chantry, should replace the smirking gallope and the mazurka; when the gaudy mirrors, reflecting the already offensive glare of so many lustres, should be replaced by a sober twilight, revealing and mellowing a crucifixion of Españoleto, or a Santa Madre of Murillo; when the dark daughters of Spain should give over their parti-colored tinsel, their meretricious smiles, and heartless gayety, to resume the sober mantilla and basquinia in which they first won upon my boyish heart, and which so harmonize with the habitual expression of their pale, thoughtful, and melancholy countenances, and full languid eyes.

The next morning I rose weary, feverish, unrefreshed, and melancholy. I went to my balcony as I was wont, to breathe the fresh air, take the sun instead of the less agreeable heat which a brasero afforded, look down upon the ever gay and animating spectacle presented by the Puerta del Sol, which lay before me, and exchange my morning's salutation with an old and well-beloved acquaintance, whose balcony was beside mine. By common consent, growing out of a sympathy of tastes, we were both in the habit of coming forth at the sound of the music of one of the regiments of the grenadiers of the royal guard, on its way to relieve the detachment performing duty at the palace. After the platoon had turned the angle of the gate of the Sun, and the music ceased to delight us with its animating strains, we were wont to exchange the usual courtesies of the land, to inquire for each other's health, how each had rested, and to recount all the adventures that had been crowded into the interval

since the last meeting, or, in default of other subjects, to criticise whatever might be curious in the groups below.

On this occasion, my attention was called to the tinkling bell of a member of the *Paz y Caridad*, who, in a solemn voice, was inviting all charitable souls to join in interposing with such humble alms as they were pleased to contribute, to smooth the parting hour, and redeem from purgatory, by means of masses, the soul of the unhappy brother whose life was that day to be required of him. He had before him a square box, having a hole to receive the alms of the charitable, surmounted by a figure of the crucified Savior, calculated at once to awaken a devotional feeling in the bosom of the Christian, and to call to mind the recollection that He, like the unhappy criminal who was that day to expiate his offences, had died—though innocently and for our propitiation—the death of a felon.

There was, then, to be an execution. It was sure to be a spectacle full of horror, and painful excitement; yet I determined to witness it. I felt sad and melancholy, and yet, by a strange perversion, I was willing to feel more so. With the customary chocolate and omelette, the good dame, Doña Lucretia, my landlady, brought me the Diario. I turned at once to see what was said about the execution. Among the orders of the day, was the following—"Having to suffer this day, at eleven in the morning, in the square of Cebada, the pain of death on the vile garrote, to which he was sentenced by the

military commission of this province, Juan Lopez Solorzano, alias the Birdcatcher, a native of Las Altas Torres, in La Mancha, thirty-eight years of age, a bachelor, late a grenadier of the disbanded royalist volunteers of this capital, accused of having been one of the first aggressors in the rebellion of October last, on the occasion of disarming that corps; to aid in this execution, a detachment of the Provincial Regiment of Granada, and another of the Cuirassiers of the Royal Guard, will repair to the place of execution at half past ten, whilst at the same hour, another detachment of the aforesaid regiment of Granada, and of the Light Horse of Madrid, will report to the Corregidor, at the prison, in readiness to guard the prisoner to the scaffold, leaving a corporal's guard to protect the body after justice is consummated, until the Paz y Caridad shall come to withdraw it."

Such was the succinct and sententious information given me by the Diario. I learned, in addition, from Doña Lucretia, that the Pajarero, or Birdcatcher, was so called, because he had for some years lived by selling doves and singing birds in the square of the Holy Cross. He had been a turbulent, quarrelsome fellow, had killed a number of persons at various times, for all which misdeeds he had found protection in being a royalist volunteer, and a regular attendant at mass and the confessional. In the late disbanding of the royalist volunteers, those janizaries of the Spanish hierarchy, he had taken an active part in the revolt, killing with his

own hand one of the partizans of the queen, in the square of the Angel. During fifty-three days he had been concealed by persons friendly to the old order of things; but had at last been sold by some mercenary Judas, and betrayed into the hands of justice.

It had chanced that I had attended the court-martial on the day of his trial, and I was not a little struck with the peculiar vein of eloquence, in which the fiscal devoted him to damnation ere yet he had been produced before the court.—"Soon will this vile assassin present himself before you. The tribunal will then see his detestable soul painted in his countenance, and will need no other evidence to discover the atrocious image of a regicide." Such, alike under despotism and in the hands of liberals, is the vindictive character of Spanish retribution. Perhaps, however, it may be just to add, that of seventy-three royalists condemned to death for a revolt, with the alleged intention of murdering the queen, the Birdcatcher was alone selected, as the most infamous, for execution. The rest were taken from prison in the dead of the succeeding night, and being manacled, were marched off under a strong escort for Ceuta. One of them, in an excess of despair, dashed his brains out against the postern of the prison. The scene in the neighborhood was represented to me as having been most deplorable on the following morning. The news of the departure of these prisoners had spread to the obscure barriers of the capital, and their families had gathered round in an agony of bereavement. Mothers, wives, and

lovers, tore their hair, and rent the air with shrieks, and exclamations of wo; whilst the children, thus suddenly left fatherless, looked on with a dumb amazement—an indistinct sense of some great calamity—scarcely less painful and heart-rending. There were fifty wives who found themselves thus suddenly reduced to hopeless widowhood, whilst more than twice that number of children looked round, and saw that they were fatherless.

Divesting the mind of all fanaticism, whether in favor of liberty or despotism, the offences of these men will not seem so equal to their fate as to close the heart against every sentiment of pity. They were victims of their fidelity to an order of things which but a few months before received the adhesion of the king, the court, the army, was acquiesced in by the whole nation, and still had the sympathy of a vast majority of the Spanish people. Oh! Americans! whilst you pity the land in which liberty is unknown, and unappreciated, learn to value the blessings which you enjoy, and cultivate an ever increasing admiration and love for that birthright of freedom which has been bequeathed to you.

I took my way through the gate of the Sun to the noble front of the prison of the court. I had been permitted to visit it a few days before, by means of a royal order furnished me by Burgos, the then minister of Fomento. On that occasion the Pajarero had been pointed out to me as the greatest curiosity of the place. My readers may not be aware that among the common people of Spain, villanous

distinction of any sort, as that of a foot-pad, or murderer, always entitles the possessor to a species of war-name; thus, El Gato, or Cat, was the formidable and dreaded appellation of a Valencian robber, who flourished a few years since, enacting a fearful tragedy in my presence, and who was noted for the tiger-like and ferocious certainty with which he was wont to pounce upon his prey; El Cacaruco was the droll cognomen of a scarcely less distinguished worthy, by whom I had once been most courteously plundered in the plains of La Mancha; whilst the famous Jose Maria, was graced with the more complimentary title—a tribute, at once, to his power and his magnanimity—of el Señor del Campo.

The Pajarero was a name of inferior note. When his crimes were recounted to me, I felt little inclination to pity him. Whatever sympathy I had at my command, had already been bestowed upon the more pitiable objects which met my sight in that mansion of despair. There seemed, moreover, to be a sort of poetical justice in the shutting up of an individual, who, whilst he had been a monster to his fellow-men, had passed his life in making war against the liberties of those winged inhabitants of the air—those happy pensioners of nature—whose capacities barely fit them to enjoy liberty, and to languish and pine away when deprived of it. He was, besides, a most ill-favored and ferocious looking man, and the fiscal would doubtless have been borne out by Lavater in his assertion, that it was easy to see "his detestable soul painted in his countenance."

The prison was already surrounded by a dense crowd. The escort, which was to conduct the prisoner to the place of execution, was at its post, and squadrons of cavalry patrolled the streets leading to it, keeping the way open, and beating back the crowd with their sabres, and trampling upon them with the armed hoofs of their horses, much in the same manner as if the government had still been that of the Absolute King, and the felon a false-hearted liberal. It was expected, and earnestly reported, that there was to be a popular tumult among the serviles, and an attempt by the disbanded volunteers to rescue their heroic comrade. The government, unwilling to betray any weakness, did not however increase the detachment of troops on immediate duty beyond what was usual. Yet preparations were secretly made to pour forth an overwhelming military force. The troops of the garrison were ready to march at a moment's warning, and individual cavaliers of the body guard, in their gay uniforms and antique casques, were seen at each instant spurring away on their fleet barbs, of the caste of Aranjuez, to carry to the palace the anxiously received intimation that all was still well.

I did not look with any particular complacency upon these military youths, notwithstanding their gay uniforms and handsome persons. To be sure, I had once claimed as an intimate and valued friend, a noble young Andalusian—noble not less in the real than in the accepted sense—who belonged to this corps. In general, however, they are held in

little estimation, and never in less than at that moment; for, but a few days before, one of them was detected, by the waiter of a restaurant, in the act of concealing two silver forks in the capacious receptacle of his trooper's boots, which, however constructed with other motives, were not ill-adapted to the purpose of quiet and unobserved abstraction. After all, there was nothing so strange in this, when one looked at the short distance from the top of the yawning boot to the tempting cover, a few inches distant on the edge of the table; reflecting, at the same time, that the youth had to support all the dignity of a nobility, unsullied on four sides by any mingling of base blood, upon the paltry stipend of twenty dollars a month. "*Viven los chocolateros!*"— cried the crowd, as they spurred along, that being the vulgar cognomen applied to them, because chocolate is the only refreshment served to them from the royal kitchen, when on duty at the palace.

At length the prisoner was brought forth. He was dressed in a penitential robe of yellow; on his head was a cap of the same color, faced by a white cross. His face was pale, less apparently from fear than long confinement, for his frame was not convulsed, and his hands trembled not as he grasped before him a paper from which he chanted a prayer, uttered with an earnestness proportioned to the little time that remained to him to make his peace with heaven, and the conviction that he was about to enter on an eternity of bliss or misery, the common belief of a land in which, though there may be much crime,

there is as yet but little infidelity. A dark beard, which was of many days' growth, augmented the ghastliness of his expression.

At his side was a friar of the order of Mercy, in a white habit and a shaven crown, who held before the unhappy man a crucifix, bearing an image of the Savior, through whose intercession he might yet, by repentance, be saved. With one arm the holy man embraced the prisoner, whispering in his ear words of consolation and comfort, and accompanying him as he faltered in his prayers. He was seated on a white ass, his legs bound below; and the patient unconsciousness of the docile animal of the errand on which it was going, contrasted singularly with the interest and irresistible sympathy, which all there felt in the fate of a fellow man, about to enter on the unknown regions of eternity.

The brotherhood of Peace and Charity, each member bearing a torch, gathered closely around the victim, whom, from a sentiment of humanity, and in fulfilment of their solemn vow, they had comforted with their society and aided with their prayers; for his sake they had become mendicants through the public streets, collecting sufficient alms from the charitable to supply with comfort and decency the last wants of nature; and, when justice should have wreaked its necessary vengeance upon his body, they were to withdraw it from its place of ignominious exposure, consign it with careful decency to the tomb, and offer prayers and masses for the soul which had taken its flight.

So soon as all had reached the street, the soldiers gathered round, their serried bayonets seeming to shut out all hope of rescue, and the muffled drum beating a monotonous and mournful measure, the procession set forward to the scene of death. The singular combination of this group—the criminal, the ass, the cowled friar in his white robe, the torch-bearing brothers of the Paz y Caridad, the stern and mustachioed warriors who guarded the law's victim, offered to the eye a singular spectacle, whilst the chanting of the criminal and of the compassionating spirits who joined in his prayers, mingling strangely with the hoarse drum, and the measured tramp of the soldiers, bringing nearer at every footfall the moment of the catastrophe—all tended to impress the beholder with a gloomy and terrible interest.

It was expected, that if there were any riot or attempt at rescue, it would take place in the street of Toledo, before the portal of the Jesuits's Church of San Isidro. Not many weeks later, indeed, an insurrection did occur there. The population of the adjoining quarter broke forth into mutiny and rebellion; liberals and royalists joined in deadly conflict, churchmen and friars were immolated in the streets, and the pavement was strewed with corpses, and crimsoned with Spanish blood, shed by the hands of spaniards. But the spirit of rebellion so lately repressed, was not yet ripe for a new explosion. San Isidro was passed without commotion of any sort, and the procession at length reached the Plaza. The ordinary avocations, of which it is the daily scene,

had ceased. It was filled with a crowd of curious spectators. Cloaked men, and women in mantillas, as if arrayed for mass, occupied the whole square, whilst the sheds and the gratings of the surrounding windows were covered with clambering and ambitious urchins, each anxious to contemplate, from the highest elevation, the scene which so great a crowd had collected to behold. The balconies were filled with well-dressed people, and from not a few, beauty,— hardened to painful spectacles by the tortures of the arena,— was seen to gaze with curious earnestness.

At one of the balconies I noticed the towering and military figure of the brave colonel of the Madrid Light Horse, to whom I had the honor of being known. I entered the house, and, presenting myself at the door of the no less doughty countryman of the doughty Dugald Dalgetty, was received most cordially, and welcomed to a station in his balcony. I was at once absorbed by the painful interest which attracted my attention to the person of the culprit. The colonel, on the contrary, was filled with delight, at the spirited manner in which his horsemen kept the way open; beating back the more pressing intruders, by frequent and forceful blows with the flat of their long Toledo sabres, and reining their steeds most unceremoniously backward upon them. The colonel was a fierce liberal. He was delighted with the way in which his brave fellows routed the rabble mob, and, being armed from cap to rowel, would doubtless have been delighted to have an opportunity, as indeed he soon afterwards had, of heading his

squadron, who were drawn up in readiness in the neighboring barrack, and riding down all opposition.

The instrument of execution was different from what I had been accustomed to see in Spain. It was the *garrote*, which the liberals, actuated by the spirit of improvement, exercising itself first as in revolutionary France, in a more ingenious method of putting people to death, had substituted for the gallows. The form of it was very simple. A single upright post was planted in the ground, having attached to it an iron collar, large enough to receive the neck of the culprit, but capable of being suddenly tightened to much smaller dimensions, by means of a screw which played against the back of the post, and had a very open spiral thread. A short elbow projected at right angles from the upright post, for the criminal to sit on, the screw being attached to the post at a distance above, suited to the height of his body.

When the procession had arrived at the foot of the gallows, the Birdcatcher was unbound and removed from the ass, and seated upon the projecting elbow of the *garrote*, which looked towards the east. His legs were again bound securely to the post on which he was seated, and his arms and body to the upright timber at his back. Here he made his last confession at the foot of the scaffold. The friar chanted the prayers which the Church has set apart for the closing scene of life's latest hour. The criminal repeated his responses fervently and audibly. He was now convinced that there was to be no reprieve and no rescue. Each moment was more precious

to the salvation of his soul than worlds of treasure. He remembered that the penitent thief had been forgiven at his latest hour.—Why might he not hope, being also penitent, to claim that precious promise—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?"

The friar whispered words of consolation. He pronounced the promise of absolution, and covering the unhappy man with the folds of his ample robe, thereby signified that he was a pardoned because a repentant sinner, and as such admitted into the bosom of the Church. The scene at this moment was one of awful interest. The eyes of that vast crowd, filling the square, and clustering on gratings, balconies, and house-tops, were fixed with intensely excited gaze on the one object of attention. The battalion of infantry formed an impenetrable phalanx around the scaffold. Behind it, mounted on powerful coal black horses, a squadron of cuirassiers, with drawn sabres, and clad in panoply of steel, were drawn up ready for instant action, yet as motionless as death. The glorious sun of a Castilian heaven, shining through an atmosphere yet more brilliant and unclouded than our own, was sent back in bright reflection from cuirasses emblazoned with its own gorgeous image, glancing from antique casques, and flickering round the points of sabres and bayonets.

Still for a moment the man of God covered, with his garb of sanctity, the figure of the criminal. And now it is withdrawn, and the executioner with dextrous art quickly and stealthily adjusts the iron collar to the neck of his victim. A hand is on either end of

the powerful lever which works the tightening screw. Life has reached its extremest limit, time is dropping his last sand; ere yet it is quite fallen, one prayer of supplication is uttered for mercy in that eternity which begins. Quick as lightning the motion is given to the fatal lever; a momentary convulsion agitates his frame, and horribly distorts his countenance, and the sinner is with his God. The bell of the neighboring church tolls a mournful requiem from the top of its tower; lips are seen to move in muttered prayer to speed the parting soul, and ten thousand breasts are signed together with the cross of reconciliation. A fleet horseman darts away at a gallop to announce to the alarmed inmates of the palace, that justice has not been robbed of its victim, and that its consummation is complete.

Thus ignominously died Solorzano, surnamed El Pajarero. His sins to his fellow men upon earth were expiated; let us hope that he may find mercy in heaven. Peace to his soul!



Painted by John Hoppner

Engraved by T. Ryder





THE RESCUE.

Fortune, or rather the good foresight of Anne Burras, at length brought them to a little basin, sunk a few feet into the ground, at the bottom of which bubbled a clear spring, almost the only one in that sandy region. Here, Fenton, who led the van, approaching with the silent caution of a cat, discovered his little lost sheep. The Indians had kindled a fire to cook a piece of venison, and sat quietly smoking their long pipes.

Just as they were taking aim, the boy passed suddenly between them and the Indians. Foster shuddered, and dropped the muzzle of his piece. Again he raised his deadly rifle, and again, just at the actual moment, the boy glided between the savages and death.—*Old Times in the new World.*

J. K. PAULDING.

THERE was a fountain in the wilderness,
A small lone basin, undefiled and bright,
Beneath the shadow of the forest king,
The immemorial oak — whose giant form,
With gnarled trunk, and tortuous branches old,
And wreathed canopy of moss and vines,
Filled the transparent mirror. From its depth
Of limpid blackness leaped the living spring,
A gush of silvery gems, that rose and burst,
Studding, but ruffling not, its glassy sheen.

It was the height and hush of summer noon —
There was no warbling in the air, nor hum
Of bird or bee, — the very breeze was dead,
That evermore amid the vocal leaves
Is blithe and musical, — the brooklet's flow
Through the dank herbs was voiceless, — and the spell

Of silence brooded, like a spirit's wing,
O'er the pure fountain and the giant tree.

Worn with the heat, the burthen, and the toil,
They rested them beside the lucent marge,
The maiden and her captors.—Stern and still
The tawny hunters sate,—the thin blue smoke
Upcurling from the tube, that steeped their souls
In opiate dreams of apathy,—the glare
Of the red firelight flashing broad and high
On their impassive features, shaven brows,
And scalp-locks decked with the war-eagle's plume.
Beside them, yet aloof, their delicate prize,
The forest damsel lay—the forest flower,
Untimely severed from its parent stem,
Blighted yet beautiful. Her fair young head
Bowed to the earth, her pale cheek wet with wo,
And those sweet limbs, that wont to fix all eyes,
Wounded and weary! Yet her heart was strong
In glorious confidence; her calm clear eye
Soared upward; and, although the lips were mute
Heart-orisons arose,—more fragrant far
Than vapory perfumes,—sweeter than the peal
Of choral voices,—when some cloistered pile
Thrills to the organ's diapason deep
In pomp sublime of regal gratitude.
And he, the seedling gem, that nestled there
In that pure bosom—never more, perchance,
Oh! never more—to glad a parent's soul
With beaming smiles and sportive innocence.—
No! they were not deserted!—Hagar found

In the salt wilderness a living well!
And Hezekiah saw, at dawn of day,
The shouting myriads of Sennacherib
Stretched — horse and rider — on the bloodless plain
By angel-swords of pestilence divine! —
Yea! on the cursed tree the perishing thief,
At the tenth hour, received the word of grace,
When hope itself was hopeless! — Who believes
Shall never be forsaken — never fall! —

She heard them rustling in the tufted brake —
The snapping boughs beneath their cat-like tread —
The leaves that shivered, though the clouds aloft
Hung motionless, betrayed them! — They were nigh —
Her friends — her rescuers! — She did *not* spring
In frantic joy to meet them! — Eye — hand — tongue,
With more than Roman hardihood of heart
Were still and silent. Yet she marked the range
Of the bright rifles, and she dragged him down, —
Down to her bosom — in the living chain
Of her white arms, that trembled not, spell-bound
By agonizing hope more keen than fear.

Rang the report! — The stream of vivid fire
Swept o'er her, and the bullets hurtled near,
Fearfully near, yet harmless. — She is free
Clasped in a father's, in a lover's, arms! —
And they, their brief career of conquest run,
The red men sleep, no more the yell to raise
Of fiendish war, or light the pipe of peace. H.

THE PRAYER OF THE LYRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," &c.

"Sweet accord,—
The stars, and whispers of the air, that swells
Along the waters. 'Tis a spirit time,
And harmony its language. Hear its strain,
As of old voices, when the crowding hills
Leaned forward, with beguiled ear, to catch
The fitful murmur, and, with pliant mood,
Requited it in echoes, softer far,
And, to the ear, as sweet."

I.

CALM, beautiful, the night—
Sweetly the silvery light
Strews its gay gleams along the slumbering sea;
While roving far and near,
On fitful wing, the air
Brings to the sense a wild strange melody.

II.

And silent is the crowd,
The voices, vexed and loud,—

That had been death to these sweet spells around—
Oh, let us seek yon beach,
Where, full of solemn speech,
The billows wake our thoughts to themes profound.

III.

Night is Thought's minister,
And we, who rove with her,
Err not to seek her now in scene so bright—
Scene that too soon departs,
Yet meet for gentle hearts,
And, like the truth they pledged, lovely in Heaven's own sight.

IV.

'Twas in such hour as this,
That roused to heaven-wrought bliss,
The ancient bard's quick spirit moved the lyre;
And, harmonizing earth,
Then Music sprang to birth,
And claimed, so sweet her form, a God to be her sire

V.

Then the wild man grew tame,
And from the hill-tops came
The shaggy-mantled shepherd with his flocks,—
And, as the minstrel sung,
Old Fable found his tongue,
And raised a glittering form on all his rocks.

VI.

Is there no hope again,
For that high-chanted strain,
That streamed in beauty then o'er mount and valley wide;
When from each hill and dell,
Down brought by Minstrel spell,
Bounding, the Muses came, in joy from every side.

VII.

When, taught by spirit's choice,
Each forest-thronging voice
Made music of its own for thousand listening ears;
When every flower and leaf
Had its own joy and grief,
And wings descending came from the less-gifted spheres.

VIII.

Shall the time never more
The old sweet song restore,
That made the stern heart gentle; and to all,
The vicious as the good,
The kind of heart or rude,
Brought spells that swayed each soul in sweetest thrall.

IX.

The sacred groves that then
Showed spirit forms to men,

And crowned high hopes, and led to each most lofty
shrine,—
The oracles that wore
Rich robes of mystic lore,
And taught, if not a faith, at least a song, divine,—

X.

Still silent — will they keep
In a cold deathlike sleep,
Nor minister to man, nor soothe him, as of old,—
Winning him from his stye,
To immortality,
Making each feeling true, making each virtue bold,—

XI.

Oh, will they not descend,
Sweet spirits, to befriend,
Bring back the ancient Muse, bring back the olden
Lyre,
Teach us the holier good,
Of that more pliant mood,
When Self untutored came to light affection's fire,—

XII.

When — yet untaught to build,
In some more favored field,
His cheerless cabin far from where the rest abode,—
He had no thought so free,
But his heart yearned to be
Bowed down, with all his tribe, to each domestic God?

XIII.

Still keeps the sky as fair,
The pleasant Moon still there,
And the winds whisper still, as if upon them borne
Spirits came still to earth,
Happy, as at its birth,
To rove its shadowy walks, now crowded and forlorn

XIV.

'Tis man alone is changed—
The shepherd—he that ranged
O'er the wild hills, a giant in the sun—
His soul and eye aloft,
His bosom strong, but soft,
With spirit, that fresh joy from each new season won.—

XV.

Look on him now, the slave!
Since that sad knowledge gave
The restless thirst that mocks at happy quietude;
The innocent joy no more,
That the old forests wore,
Nor yet the charm of song, may soothe his sleepless mood.

XVI.

Power's proud consciousness,—
How should it ever bless,

When still it prompts a dark and sleepless strife,—
A sleepless strife to sway,
And bear that spoil away,
Had been the common stock in his old shepherd life.

XVII.

Ah, me! would time restore
The ancient thirst, the lore,
That taught sweet dreams, kind charities and love,
Soothing the spirit's pride,
Bidding the heart confide,
Lifting the hope until its eye grew fixed above.

XVIII.

Once, once again, the song,
That stayed the arm of wrong,—
Once more the sacred strain that charmed the shepherds rude;
Send it, sweet spirits ye,
Who lift man's destiny,—
Once more, oh, let it bless our solitude.

XIX.

Teach us that strife is wo,
The love of lucre low,
And but high hopes and thoughts are worthy in our aim;
Teach us that love alone,
Pure love, long heavenward flown,
Can bring us that sweet happiness we claim.

XX.

And with that sacred lore,
The shepherd loved, once more
Arouse the frolic beat of the hope-licensed heart,—
When gathering in the grove,
Young maidens sung of love,
And no cold bigot came to chide the minstrel's art.

XXI.

Then were these teachers still—
This moon, yon quiet hill,
The sea, and more than all, the swelling breeze that brings
With every hour like this
A dream of life and bliss,
With healing to the sad heart on its wings.—

XXII.

Then would the chaunted strain,
Of the old Bard again,
Bring cheerful thoughts once more around the evening fire;
Then would the pure and young,
Such as the minstrel sung,
Once more rejoice to hear, the young earth's holy lyre.

THE YOUNG DEVOTEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ALLEN PRESCOTT.

AGNES CALLENDER returned from her evening walk with a glow upon her cheek, not the effect of exercise, for her step was languid—but of some emotion, proofs of which were still visible in the tears that she wiped from her eyes, as she entered her father's door. She had been to visit the grave of her mother, who died two months before. When that event happened, she felt herself suddenly reduced to an appalling emergency, for which the previous circumstances of her life, and, as she thought, her peculiar character, entirely unfitted her.—The young vine, torn from its prop, is not more helpless; nor the shoot, severed from the parent stem, more effectually deprived of the source and nutriment of its young life. To live without my mother! she would exclaim in bitterness of spirit—O that I should have been brought to this!

Being naturally timid, sensitive, and reserved, she was of course distrustful of herself—and her mother was the only friend to whom she ever poured out a full heart—the only one on whose protection and encouragement she constantly relied, or with whom she shared her secret soul.

Mr. Callender, although what is commonly called a good-hearted man, was severe in his judgments of others — even of those who, being nearly allied to him, might suppose themselves, on that account, entitled to a peculiar degree of indulgence. Having no toleration, even of slight imperfections, he was, of course, more apt to blame, than to praise, even the praiseworthy. He was, in other respects, *an eccentric* man, a term which, when predicated upon the master of a family, implies such a deviation from the customs and habits that ordinarily make part of the domestic economy, as seriously to interfere with the convenience and comfort of all its members.

Agnes had a strong sentiment of filial duty, in which she had been carefully trained by her mother — but with that, there mingled another, which should be forever excluded from the relation of parent and child — it was fear. Her father loved and respected her — but he little knew what treasures of love, locked up in her heart, might have been at his disposal, had not his manners kept her at such a distance from him.

At the time I have spoken of, she passed hastily by him, as he stood in the door, and was going up stairs.

"Here, Agnes," said he, "stay a moment. I am surprised at this habit you have fallen into of late walks, which are very improper for a young lady. Besides, do you know, I have taken my tea alone, and that stupid Phebe gave me green tea — for which I shall pass a sleepless night — a favor I must thank

you for.—It is strange that young people will be always about something else, rather than their own proper duties at home."

"I am very sorry, Papa," replied Agnes; "I gave Phebe charge, before I went out, to go and see whether Mr. Stoddard had opened a new chest of black tea—and if not, to get some more of the same that you had before.—I did not think, when I went away, of being out so late."

"Then the bread is poor again—Miss Agnes—too close. It is just as easy to have fine bread as any other, and it is a pity to have such a blessing as good bread converted into a curse by mere want of attention.—That's all, now—that's the whole of it—just a little attention would save all this trouble."

Agnes ventured modestly to suggest, that Sally, the cook, was much more practised than herself in the art of bread-making, and seldom failed of entire success.

"But it is a house-keeper's business to see that every thing is done well—there is no difficulty about it—none at all."—

"Papa, shall I read to you now," said Agnes, wishing to change the subject.—

"Yes, child, my eyes are unusually weak to-night, and there is an article upon the tariff in that newspaper, which I should like to hear very much."

This duty poor Agnes performed with exemplary patience. Her manner of reading was one thing with which he seldom found fault.

When she had finished he thanked her, saying

that, in his opinion, there were very few young women of her age, who would have sense enough to read, upon such subjects, and attend to them with the interest which she manifested. She could not disclaim the unmerited praise; because, by so doing, she must necessarily have revealed to her father, a fact which she preferred carefully to conceal—viz., that she had no share in the pleasure, which she thus afforded him.

Agnes was one of those persons who do every thing well from principle.—She devoted herself to the difficult and responsible duties, which devolved upon her in consequence of her mother's death, with untiring zeal and assiduity—and to have satisfied her father would have been to her a sufficient reward.—But since the most trifling deficiency, omission, irregularity, or imperfection, in the details of her domestic arrangements, escaped neither his observation nor his censure—and he rarely bestowed any commendation—it was impossible for her to suspect, what was nevertheless true—that, in his secret heart, he regarded her as one of the best daughters, and most accomplished house-keepers, that a widowed father was ever blessed with. Many a time has she thought within herself—"Oh, if I could hear again my mother's sweet approving tone!" and wept, that it was for ever silenced.

A sweet solace always awaited Agnes at the close of the day, which refreshed her after it's wearying cares, and imparted to her slumber a tranquillity of which it was rarely deprived. She had a little sister,

Lucy, only four years of age, who was her bedfellow, and who, without giving any other symptom of consciousness, would always kiss Agnes, seeking her lips as she laid down by her side, and place her hand too on Agnes' cheek, pressed closely to hers. — Agnes assumed the entire charge of this child from the moment of her mother's death—this was the one indulgence—the chief pleasure of her life.

Mr. Callender had a degree of sensitiveness upon the subject of order and neatness, which Doctor Rush would probably have denominated a species of insanity. It was not uncommon for him to throw out upon the floor, and consign anew to the wash-tub, a whole drawer-full of shirts and cravats, on account of a wrinkle in one, a spot upon another, a slight shade of yellow on a third, or the wrong folding of a fourth. An accidental soil upon the table-cloth would deprive all others at the table, if not himself, of the accustomed meal; —and pet as she was, even with him, little Lucy was occasionally banished from the parlor for a day, because her frock slipped off at the shoulder.

One morning he took from a bureau, to which he had access, some articles of dress that had belonged to his wife, which he intended to distribute among her friends. — After arranging them upon the bed, he called in Agnes to assist him in their appropriation. Not being at all aware of the reason of the summons, she obeyed it with her usual alacrity. Her uniform "Yes, Papa," was heard in response, and directly she was in his room.

Her light step was suddenly arrested as her eye fell upon the garments spread before her—and, then, by an irresistible impulse, she threw herself at full length upon the bed, as if to embrace the sacred relics, and burst into tears.

"Why, my daughter," exclaimed Mr. Callender, in manifest horror—"do you not see what mischief you are doing? Get up, directly."

She arose instantly—but her agitation increased, her lips trembled, her sobbing became convulsive, and as she sank into a chair, her knees smote together. Mr. Callender had never witnessed any thing of the kind in her before—he became alarmed, and rang violently for assistance. He then took her up and laid her gently on the same bed from which he had so rudely ejected her—loosened her clothes—administered restoratives—and when he found her, by degrees, regaining her composure, he sat down by her side, and soothingly stroked back the hair which had fallen over her face.

When Agnes looked up in grateful recognition of this kindness, and perceived that tears were streaming down his cheeks—she drew him down to her and kissed him. From that moment much of the reserve, which she had hitherto felt towards him, melted away, and there was a softening of his manners towards her—a careful abstaining from what might wound or grieve her, for which she lifted up her heart to God in fervent gratitude.

Little Lucy was the pet lamb—the darling of the whole family—and notwithstanding the occasional

rebuffs which she received from her father—she was so much indulged and caressed by him—as to regard him without any of the fear that he usually inspired. She was more free than any one else in her intercourse with him, and this very circumstance, without his being aware of it, increased his fondness for her—and her influence over him—an influence often exercised in softening Agnes' grievances.

Mr. Callender was fond of society, and practised unbounded hospitality. The death of his wife checked, for a time, his habits in this respect—and Agnes was not called upon for any extraordinary exercise of her household skill, until she had had the experience of some months in perfecting it. Then, when some public occasion was expected to draw a large concourse of strangers to the town—her father signified to her that on a certain day she must provide a dinner for some ten or twelve gentlemen. This was an event in her life which filled her with solicitude—for besides the responsibility which she felt in regard to the dinner—the idea of presiding over it at table, was very formidable.

The efforts to please her father, however, proved successful. The servants were all exceedingly attached to her, and for her sake, rather than his, did their best on the occasion. Nothing was too much or too little done—there were no oily gravies—every dish was very nicely served up—not a knife or fork was dropped or rattled by the waiters—not a particle of any thing spilled. The pastry was exquisitely white and flaky—the sweetmeats and jellies admira-

ble—the apples beautifully polished—the nuts cracked in the most approved manner—the order of the entertainment, too, was perfect;—in short, every thing was right, and Mr. Callender felt proud and gratified.

Agnes began to breathe more freely in saying to herself, "It's almost over"—when a toast was proposed, which her father said must be pledged in his last remaining bottle of a peculiar kind of wine, which he valued particularly.

As he raised the glass to his lips, Agnes, whose eye met his, saw that something was wrong. "How's this, my daughter?" said he somewhat impatiently—"the wine is not pure—here's some mistake."

The poor girl felt her cheeks crimson all over, at an appeal which drew upon her the attention of every one present. She frankly owned, however, that the bottle not being quite full, she had supplied the deficiency from another, whose contents were exactly similar in color and appearance.

"I did not know that you were such a novice, child"—he replied.

Mr. Callender was particularly sensitive upon the subject of his wines, and Agnes knew that this single mistake was sufficient to mar, in his eyes, the whole entertainment.

One of the gentlemen present, wishing to relieve her evident embarrassment, politely remarked, that some accident of the kind was almost necessary to convince them that there had not been magic in the preparation of *such* an entertainment by so young a housekeeper.

Lucy had been introduced just as this unlucky mistake was detected. She went up to her father, and in the eagerness to get his attention, and beg him not to make "sister blush," she jostled his arm, and caused him to upset his glass—"O never mind, Father," said she, "you will have less to drink, now, of that bad wine. But let me taste, and see if it really is spoiled."

She put the glass to her lips, and smacked them. "Why, it is very good, I am sure, Father; I don't believe sister could spoil any thing if she should try."

"Unless it be you, perhaps, Lucy."

Her vivacity and fondness for her sister, excited a general smile, whose contagion infected Mr. Callender himself. Her voice was to him what the harp of David was to the monarch of Israel.

As Lucy passed to the other side of the table to join Agnes, she was arrested by a young gentleman who sat next her, and who, Agnes told her, was Mr. Linwood. He took her into his lap and kissed her.

"Has not my sister given you a nice dinner?"—said she—"I helped some—I helped rub the apples."

"And who rubbed and polished your cheeks?"

"O, sister does that—and this morning, when I held some of the red apples to my cheeks to see which were the prettiest, she said she liked my cheeks the best, a great deal. Isn't that queer? I guess it is because she can kiss them."

"Kiss them—can't she kiss an apple's cheeks, too?"

"Kiss an apple's cheeks! apples were not made to kiss."

"Why not? they are very pretty."

"But they don't know any thing—they don't love you."

"But you love them."

"Oh, poh! that's not her kind of love—the way I love an apple, is not the way I love sister."

Agnes' desire to stop Lucy's loquacity, determined her no longer to delay what she had been for some time trying to make up her mind to—the formidable retreat from table. She took Lucy by the hand and rose to depart. Mr. Linwood, seeing her extreme embarrassment, thought to relieve it by offering his arm to conduct her to the door. He half rose—then hesitated—as if doubtful whether he might not increase rather than relieve it—but at length escorted her.

It was then that she perceived the cause of his hesitation in the mal-formation of one of his feet; but this discovery did not destroy the agreeable impression she had previously received from his fine countenance, pleasing manners, and evident intelligence; for, in spite of the pre-occupation of her mind, he had, during dinner, drawn her into conversation.

Mr. Linwood was a young man who had recently brought letters of introduction to Mr. Callender—for although the son of an old friend and class-mate—his father's death, which occurred when he was quite young, had suspended all intercourse between the families.

Nature, in bestowing upon him the richest endowments of mind, and a good degree of personal beauty, had denied him a perfect physical conformation.

When such a misfortune is inflicted upon a person whose nature is sensitive—it modifies, in some way, his character. It probably made Lord Byron a misanthrope. Henry Linwood, on the contrary, felt for all his race a warm and kindly sympathy, which he believed could never be fully extended towards him. This idea made him neither sour nor melancholy, but it led him to regard himself as, in some respects, an isolated being—and produced a subdued tone of feeling incompatible with any elation of spirits—though he had too much of true Christian philosophy ever to repine. It was a perpetual trial, attended, in his case, with those purifying effects which rare and occasional afflictions are sometimes observed to produce upon those who are capable of deriving "sweet uses from adversity."

Having inherited a patrimony sufficient to place him above the necessity of consulting his pecuniary interests rather than his tastes, he determined, after completing the course and term of study necessary to invest him with the prerogatives of a professional man, to establish himself in the country. He was a passionate lover of nature, and had a more intimate communion with her, perhaps, from regarding himself as, in some degree, severed from man's fellowship. It is, too, in the circumscribed society of a country village, that exists the simplest state of manners consistent with refinement—and there are no artifi-

cial observances to repress the full glow of the heart, that he fancied he should bring himself into nearer relation with those among whom he dwelt.

He became, of course, a frequent visiter at Mr. Callender's, who cultivated his acquaintance, not only for his father's sake, but because he found him a most delightful acquisition to his somewhat limited circle. Agnes, instead of being less disposed to make herself agreeable to him on account of his personal blemish, was stimulated by a feeling of compassion, to do all in her power towards his entertainment, whenever he was with them. She was thus induced, when perhaps every other motive would have failed, to throw aside her usual reserve, and be, what some of her friends would have pronounced impossible, under any circumstances, positively *sociable*. Virtuous effort in another's behalf, always brings a reward—and so it proved in her case. Her improvement in that most desirable art, the art of conversation, was rapid and striking.

Time rolled on, and Agnes' character gained daily fresh strength. There is nothing like the effect of circumstances which impose upon young persons high and responsible duties, in developing and elevating the character. She gradually acquired confidence in herself, which relieved her of much of the suffering and embarrassment to which she had previously been subjected. By degrees, she obtained an ascendency over her father's mind;—she was not unfrequently his counsellor,—and he felt a respect for her which often checked his impatience. She even sometimes ventured

gently to suggest that he was not quite reasonable, and found him docile to reproof. On one occasion, when he left home, quite suddenly, for a journey which required considerable preparation, and she was obliged to pack his trunk in the least possible time, she accidentally left out a single article of no great importance. He did not fail, upon his return, to mention this omission. "Why, Papa," said she, "if that was the only thing you missed, I wonder you do not rather commend me, considering how you hurried me."

"True, my daughter, you are right."

There was much speculation among Agnes' acquaintance upon the wisdom of her course. If she were not half as devoted to her father, was the general sentiment, he would not be half as exacting. Mr. Linwood, who being a constant visiter at Mr. Callender's, and now well known in the village, was often appealed to on the subject, was accustomed to reply—that in his opinion the best rule, and one which he believed governed Miss Callender in all things, was to perform in the most thorough and devoted manner whatever duties arose out of one's peculiar station.

There are few topics of conversation in a village—and of course Mr. Linwood was frequently discussed. The young ladies thought him agreeable and gentlemanly, and admitted that but for his deformity—he would be a great favorite.

"But for his deformity," Agnes would sometimes repeat to herself—"how can that have any other

effect, than to heighten the interest excited by his fine character, and gifted mind?"

Yet Agnes was not in love, nor did she belong to the class of young ladies most apt to fall in love. Life to her had important duties—noble aims. Devoted to her father and to Lucy—and pursuing, diligently, the course of literary culture and self-improvement commenced under the auspices of her mother, she had not the need, which girls of seventeen sometimes feel, of love, as a pastime, to relieve her from the ennui of a vacant mind.

Had such a sentiment inspired her in the commencement of her acquaintance with Mr. Linwood, she never would have so far overcome her natural reserve in her intercourse with him—nor would he have penetrated the veil sufficiently to discover what it concealed.

He was a great admirer of the sex, but considered himself as doomed to celibacy—and this he thought the severest privation connected with his peculiar misfortune. When he perceived that Agnes appeared more animated and agreeable in his society than in any other,—when he found her, as often happened, refusing to dance in their little village parties that she might be at liberty to chat with him, while all the rest were engaged in the favorite amusement of youth—he did not think of referring her kindness to any other than the true cause, and gratitude and admiration were the feelings which it inspired.

"I declare," said Mr. Callender, as he came in one day to dinner, "a few such fine fellows as that

Linwood, would create a new state of things in a country village like this. I met him this morning, with a whole troop of boys at his heels, going in search of stones, insects, flowers, any thing they can find for his cabinets, or his herbarium. There is not one of them who would not rather spend a holiday in his service than in any other manner. By way of reward, he calls them all into his office every now and then and entertains them with experiments, or in familiar lectures. They will become quite a set of philosophers. In two years time they will know the name and history of every specimen belonging to three departments of natural history—that can be found in this vicinity. Nature did well to disqualify such a man for marriage, that he might devote himself to his race."

"But how is it, that his profession does not absorb him! I have heard the law termed a mistress who would tolerate no rival."

"I don't know—he must have uncommon industry. When I found that his new office was to be divided into two apartments—one properly his office, and the other fitted up as a mineralogical and entomological cabinet, and furnished too, with some chemical apparatus, I thought it was quite out of the question that he should ever become distinguished in his profession—and yet he is rising very fast.

"Sister," said Lucy, as she finished her afternoon lessons, "there is one reason why I should rather go to the district school than to yours, because, then, you know, Mr. Linwood might perhaps take me, with the other children, to get specimens for his cabinets. I

will just go out in the garden, and see if I can't find a pretty bug for him now."

Just as she was returning with that familiar and favorite acquaintance of all children, a lady-bird, in her hand, Mr. Linwood came in. "O I am glad to see you," she exclaimed—"I have just found something for your cabinet—here it is—my favorite little lady-bird. I should think you would like to have something there that you could call lady."

"Thank you, Lucy, your lady shall be installed there with becoming honors."

"*My* lady—no, not *my* lady—for *my* lady is sister—she is my mother, and my nurse, and my sister, and my teacher, and my governess, and besides all these, she's my lady—she's my every thing."

"But I was talking about the lady-bird," said Linwood, not appearing to perceive Agnes' embarrassment. "I never expect to have any other lady in my cabinet,"—and he sighed.

"And why not? Don't you like ladies?—would not you like to have a wife?"

"O yes, I should like very well to have a wife, but no lady would like a limping husband, you know."

This was the first time that Agnes had ever heard him allude to himself in this way,—and she felt distressed to a degree that made her almost gasp for breath. She was relieved, however, by the entrance of her father, bringing a book which Linwood had called to borrow, and, upon receiving which, he immediately took his leave.

His remark awakened a new train of reflection in

Agnes' mind. She had never before suspected the existence of such a feeling in his.

That same evening they met again in a little party. Among other amusements, proposed in the evening, was that of impromptu mottoes. There were one or two married ladies present, known to be gifted with rhyming powers. The mottoes were rolled up, and thrown as fast as they were produced into a box. A person was appointed to read them, and they were appropriated by vote. Among others, there appeared the following: —

"For her, who, as a miser's chest,
With jealous care, locks up her breast;
Find but the key, the sterling gold
Is inexhaustible — untold."

This was given by acclamation to Agnes, who, blushing, slipped it inside of her glove.

It is not to be supposed that she had so little of girlish nature, as not to examine and read it over after she returned home. At the first glance she recognized the hand-writing of Linwood, and a disinterested observer would have understood, better than she did, the feeling that led her carefully to lock it up in her work-box.

"What is that little bit of paper you keep so carefully, and will never let me touch?" said Lucy one day, to whom it was something new to have her *rummaging* privilege curtailed.

"Nothing but a motto which I brought home from Mrs. Elmwood's party."

"But what makes you so choice of it?"

"Because it is a very pretty motto," and Lucy's curiosity was allayed.

O the fatality which almost inevitably attends a secret! A few days after, when Linwood was showing to Lucy, who sat on his lap, an exquisite little print, which he would not suffer her to touch with her fingers; she exclaimed, "Why, you are as choice of this picture as sister is of the motto which she got at Mrs. Elmwood's party."

A flush of pleasure suffused the face of Linwood. Had he ventured to look at poor Agnes, he would have pitied her notwithstanding. Lucy was now suffered to handle the print as she pleased; nor was her pricking all round it, to make what she called a pretty border for it, observed by either of her companions.

Henceforth life was a new existence to Henry Linwood. It was *possible* that, in spite of all, Agnes Callender might regard him with a sentiment capable of being cultivated into a permanent attachment. Her now altered and embarrassed manner tended to confirm his hopes; yet it was a long time before he ventured to presume upon them, and just as he had determined to cast his all of hope and happiness upon a single die, something occurred which induced him to delay the important step.

Since her mother's death, Agnes received repeated invitations from a friend of hers, Mrs. Scott, who resided in Boston, to pass some months with her, accompanied by Lucy; but notwithstanding that lady's arguments, in regard to the importance of an occasional

residence in town to a country girl, and the various attractions of such a visit, which she failed not to set forth in the most glowing colors, Agnes preferred remaining at home. Now, however, Mr. Callender, who had been for some time subject to a severe asthma, having determined to pass the winter in a milder climate, it was arranged that Mrs. Scott's invitation to his children should be accepted.

Linwood did not hasten, as others perhaps would have done in like circumstances, to secure his prize, if possible, from the threatened danger of rival competitors. He attributed the interest with which he believed, or rather hoped, to have inspired Agnes, in part to compassion; and with his love there mingled a sentiment of gratitude, which led him magnanimously to resolve that he would not take selfish advantage of any power which he might thus have acquired over her affections. She had seen but few young men, and she had been almost exclusively limited to the circumscribed society of a country village. In a more enlarged intercourse with the world, she might discover that she had bestowed her preference prematurely, and, introduced into a state of society where greater importance is attached to circumstances, merely adventitious, she might find that she had too much disregarded the obstacle, for such it would commonly be considered, to a union with him.

We have never spoken of our heroine's personal appearance, nor did the omission occur to us, until, about to introduce her into town life, we were remind-

ed that it is regarded as an item of great importance, when a young lady, in technical language, *makes her debut.* Though educated almost exclusively in the country, she had a natural grace and propriety about her — an essentially lady-like air, which stamps the true gentlewoman. She was tall and well-formed; her eye, hair and complexion, were beautiful; and the sweetness and intelligence of her face made you forget that her features were not perfectly regular. She had, besides, a very nice taste in dress, as unerring as instinct itself, which led her to array herself always becomingly. Her style of dress was suited to her character — a style of simple elegance.

The incidents of a young lady's first visit to town, are usually of a monotonous character, that is, they belong to a single class. Mrs. Scott was a woman of fashion, very much in society; and, persuaded that this was the most important winter of her young friend's life, determined that she should improve it to the utmost, in a continual round of gay amusements. Occasionally, and for a limited period, such a mode of life has charms for most *young* persons, whatever may be their peculiar tastes or general habits. Agnes felt herself excited by it, but still preserved her old habit of a systematic distribution of her time, and kept up, in some degree, her devotion to Lucy. She had a fine talent for music, which she had already cultivated successfully, with very little instruction; and in the absence of more serious occupations, she determined to make the most of her present opportunity for acquiring that accomplishment

more perfectly — how far Linwood's fondness for sweet sound stimulated her to persevere, in spite of obstacles neither few nor small, in devoting two hours every day to the piano, we cannot say — then one hour of each day was given to Lucy, in examining the progress she had made at her school during the day, and assisting her in the next day's lessons.

Mrs. Scott was quite satisfied with the *success* of her young friend. She received a degree of admiration sufficient to have invested her with the rank and distinction of a belle, had it not been that there was something in her general air and manner, which seemed decidedly to disclaim and reject all such pretensions. The sweet Lily of the Valley could as soon be suspected of aspiring to reach the height, and emulate the showy coloring of the tulip, in whose neighborhood it chanced to grow.

Among other admirers of Agnes, was Frank Frazier, a nephew of Mr. Scott, a young man of fortune and accomplishment, and particularly distinguished for his personal attractions. Being on a footing of intimacy at his uncle's, he had an opportunity of seeing Agnes in points of view, divested of that enchantment which distance lends, and found that her charms increased just in proportion as he approached her more nearly. In short, he fell in love. and was the most devoted of her train.

Mrs. Scott was delighted, for she had no doubt of the result of his suit; and flattered herself that, in technical phrase, *she* had *made the match;* a merit which many of her sex, in like circumstances, have

been eager to claim, without considering what fearful responsibility such an interference must ever involve.

Meanwhile, Linwood, who had been elected to represent the village of ———— in the state legislature, arrived in Boston. Having called when Agnes was out, he missed seeing her until they met at a brilliant party given by Mrs. Frazier. Though he had been in town but a single day, the report, already current, of Agnes' engagement, did not fail to reach his ears through a young lady of his acquaintance who often met her in society; and though he did not implicitly believe it, he felt that it was but too probable.

He was impatient to see her, and judge for himself; and when his eye first fell upon her, she was standing up in a dance with her reputed lover by her side.

Struck with his elegant appearance, and mistaking the flush and the glow, which in Agnes were merely the effect of the exhilarating exercise, for the animation of joy and hope, he believed that he saw with his own eyes, a confirmation of the report which had so much agitated him.

"How deadly pale you are, Linwood," exclaimed a young man of his acquaintance, who observed his sudden change of countenance. "It must be the fume of these vile lamps that affects you so disagreeably."

At that moment the dance broke up, and it chanced that Agnes' partner conducted her to a seat near

which Linwood stood. Glowing as her cheek already was, a deeper hue suffused it as they exchanged a joyful recognition.

The diamond is the common illustration of a bright eye. That of Agnes always reminded me of the unrivalled gem, whenever any thing occurred that gave her peculiar pleasure. Then it flashed, and shot a brilliant gleam, such as the diamond emits when a bright ray of light kindles its magic blaze. And thus it flashed as it encountered that of Linwood; but he thought it was only natural that she should be excited by seeing, after such an unwonted absence from home, one who was associated with all its cherished remembrances. Her animated conversation connected with those remembrances, occupied them until supper was announced, when Frank offered her his arm, and escorted her to the table.

"Who is that unfortunate piece of deformity," he asked, "upon whom your smiles are so readily bestowed?" and looking down with complacency upon his own finely turned leg, he added, "they should be reserved for those to whom nature has not denied a claim to them."

"He is a young man," replied Agnes, "from whom nature, in lavishly bestowing upon him her richest gifts, was obliged to withhold one which, though desirable, is certainly of far inferior value to the rest, lest she might be suspected of departing from that system of compensation, by which she has the credit of being guided in all her operations."

It was the first time in her life that Agnes had

spoken so boldly, or with so much implied severity. She had but lately begun to believe, notwithstanding Mrs. Scott's hints and insinuations, that Frazier was really enacting the suitor. Being tired of him, she was desirous that he should discover her indifference as soon as possible; and her indignation at the coarse and unfeeling manner in which he spoke of Linwood, roused her to say that in behalf of the latter, which would have touched him in his weakest point had he been more sensitive. He had, however, sufficient conceit to save him from any personal application of this speech; nor did the possibility that he might find, "in that piece of deformity," a rival, occur to him.

It is impossible to say, whether Agnes would have been more sorry or glad had she known that her words reached Linwood's ear, as, in passing to the other end of the table, his progress was interrupted for two or three moments just by her chair. He was at no loss to apply them, although he had not heard the observation that called them forth. "Noble girl," he inwardly exclaimed, and yet he doubted whether she felt for him any thing more than a sentiment of high esteem.

Two weeks passed away, after these incidents occurred, during which delicacy compelled Agnes to play an equal part between her lovers. She scrupulously avoided receiving from Frank any attentions which might be supposed to proceed from other motives than politeness; and, as Linwood had never declared himself, she felt not at all sure that there

existed, on his part, a *tender* sentiment towards her. She therefore carefully guarded, almost from herself, and still more from him, the secret of a latent prepossession in his favor — which under favorable circumstances might be fully elicited.

Her intercourse with both, however, was completely suspended for some weeks, by the illness of Lucy, suffering under a severe attack of scarlet fever. The physician did not hesitate to pronounce that her life depended upon the most careful nursing; and by no argument or intreaty could Agnes be induced to leave her a moment, except to take some slight refreshment in an adjoining apartment. Even after the child was pronounced convalescent, the fear of a relapse retained Agnes at her post.

Finding that she still refused to leave Lucy, Frank became impatient, and determined no longer to delay a formal declaration of his sentiments. A less confident lover might have thought that such an exposure to open rejection had been already rendered unnecessary.

Having selected an exquisite little sheet of note paper, with an embossed edge, and inscribed with a specimen of his most elegant penmanship — he carefully folded it — sealed it with a cameo seal, and slipping it inside of a letter which he had just brought for her from the post-office, sent it up to her room.

The letter was from her father, from whom she had not heard for several weeks, and by the time she had read it through, the note, which had accidentally fallen on the floor, was entirely forgotten, until Lucy directed her attention to it.

Its import was to this effect—that he had never before experienced so severe a privation as the loss, for so long a time, of her society; that such a trial was not necessary to convince him of what he had previously discovered, that she was indispensable to his happiness—and that nothing but an acknowledgment, on her part, that these sentiments were reciprocated, could reconcile him to a longer separation.

Agnes replied, thanking him for his professions of regard, and added, that in responding to them, she must limit herself to terms of common friendship.

A few days after this, Linwood, who, besides longing to see Agnes once more, really began to entertain serious fears for the effect, upon her health, of such prolonged confinement, called to inquire about her and Lucy. He requested that Mrs. Scott would do him the favor to carry a message to Miss Callender, entreating that she would consent to walk out and take the air.

Lucy, who had never before been willing that Agnes should leave her a moment, joined in the request; but bade Mrs. Scott tell Mr. Linwood, that she would not have spared her sister to any one but him.

They had proceeded but a few steps, when they met Frank Frazier, who passed them with a slight touch of the hat. Linwood knew instantly from his manner, that an explanation, unfavorable to his suit, must have taken place between him and Agnes; and the joy excited by this discovery, was visible in the

uncommon vivacity of his spirits during the whole walk.

Just as they were returning, "Tell me, Agnes," said he, "for I will not longer bear this uncertainty, shall I, in formally declaring what must have been apparent to you, doom myself to the fate which I see you have inflicted upon our friend?"

"I could not find it in my heart to inflict upon you, a fate that you would regard as evil," replied Agnes, in some confusion.

At that moment the door was opened. "*Au revoir*," said Linwood, as, pressing her hand, he bade her good morning, and she passed up to her room. A long communication which she that day received, to which a text had been furnished by the above conversation, met a different reception from that which had been given to Mr. Frazier's note.

"What does make you read that letter over, and over, and over, sister?" asked Lucy.

As Mr. Callender was supposed to be about this time on the point of returning home, Linwood thought it useless to apply to him, by letter, for his sanction to these important measures. He had received so many and such unquestionable proofs of Mr. Callender's entire confidence and respect, not to say personal attachment too, that the possibility of any objection on his part, to bestowing upon him his daughter, had never occurred to him.

He left Boston a week or two after the eventful

explanation had taken place, and was soon followed by Mr. Callender and his children.

As the engagement had not become known to Agnes' friends, and she was too modest to speak of it to her father, he remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair, until it was announced to him by Linwood himself, when, contrary to all expectation, he expressed the most positive and entire disapprobation of it, giving as a reason that which Linwood had feared might constitute an obstacle with the daughter, without suspecting that it could affect the mind of the father.

This was a blow from which it was not easy to recover, and many days passed before he emerged again from the seclusion of his own solitary apartment.

Meanwhile her father did not fail to inform Agnes of the result of Linwood's application, and to give her his whole mind upon the subject. She was like the lamb led to the slaughter, which opens not its mouth, until he had exhausted all he had to say; when she simply replied, "Then, henceforth, sir, I devote my life to you."

"I don't know about that, child; these young hearts are amazingly susceptible — impressions are easily made and easily effaced."

Mr. Callender had not derived the benefit to his health, from his voyage and winter residence, which he expected. He had mistaken the nature of the climate he had sought in supposing it suited to his complaint,

which it rather aggravated than allayed. He had many severe attacks in the course of the summer, and Agnes devoted herself to him with untiring assiduity. When so ill that he was obliged to sit up all night, as not unfrequently happened, she would not leave his room; but threw herself upon a sofa, whence she often rose to see if he did not require some attention.

She even gave up, very much, the care of Lucy, and sent her to a school in the neighborhood.

She hardly saw Linwood, for Mr. Callender's ill health, being of a kind particularly to unfit him for conversation, served him as a pretext for staying away; and he felt that to meet often would be painful both to himself and Agnes. Occasionally, however, when admitted by particular request of the invalid to his sick room, he gazed at Agnes' altered appearance with a look of the most tender solicitude.

"'Tis true, Linwood," said Mr. Callender, replying one day to his companion's looks, not his words — "'tis true, the poor girl is suffering much from this unremitting attendance upon me. But what is to be done? she will not leave me, and I — I am very dependent upon her." As he finished speaking his eyes filled with tears.

Three or four months passed away, and Mr. Callender began to experience a sensible mitigation of his complaint. As he became again capable of enjoying society, he was eager as ever for that of Linwood; who, in spite of the estrangement of feeling produced by what he considered unjust and unreasonable conduct on his part, retained too sensible a

remembrance of former obligations, and felt too conscientiously the duties which persons in health owe to the sick, to withhold what seemed to give him so much pleasure.

At first it was Agnes' custom to escape from the room soon after he entered; but, by degrees, she found herself quietly retaining her accustomed seat, and listening to his conversation with more pleasure, than any thing else, saving always Lucy's fond caresses, could now afford her.

And why was not Mr. Callender afraid of this continued intercourse? How could he hope that Agnes' affections would be weaned from Linwood when they were thus continually supplied with fresh food? He did not analyze his feelings upon the subject, and, had he done so, he would have been at a loss, perhaps, to answer these inquiries. Agnes' great devotion to him had made him doubt the reasonableness of his conduct towards her, and he was perhaps willing to follow, as chance might lead, to a retrieval of his error.

One evening, as she was performing some little service for him, when Linwood was present, he said to her, "My child, you have long been doing all in your power for me; 'tis time that I should do something for you. I am going to my room to write a letter, and will leave you to consult with Mr. Linwood on the choice of your reward." He advanced as far as the door, then returned — "My dear friend," said he, addressing himself to Linwood, and taking him by the hand — "I am deeply indebted to you both,

Assume each my debt to the other, and pay it as you best may. My long sickness has rid me I hope of some follies, and among others, that of thinking that there is any reasonable bar to the union which you both desire."

He then retreated, leaving the lovers to quaff together the delicious cup thus unexpectedly presented to their lips.

STANZAS.

STILL haunted, wheresoe'er I fly,
Yet doomed for aye to fly alone—
I cannot live, yet may not die,
Still seeking what is still unknown.

Hear thou, who wilt not leave me free,
Hear but the prayer I now prefer—
The dream of love thou'st taught to me,
Unteach me quite, or teach to her.

LAKE GEORGE.

Not in the bannered castle —
  Beside the gilded throne —
On fields where knightly ranks have strode
  In feudal halls — alone —
The spirit of the stately mien,
  Whose presence flings a spell
Fadeless, on all around her,
  In empire loves to dwell!

Gray piles, and moss-grown cloisters
  Call up the shadows vast,
That linger in their dim domain —
  Dreams of the visioned past!
As sweep the gorgeous pageants by,
  We watch the pictured train,
And sigh that aught so glorious
  Should be so brief and vain.

But here a spell yet deeper,
  Breathes from the woods, the sky;
Proudlier these rocks and waters speak
  Of hoar antiquity.

Land of the Cid.

Here nature built her ancient realm,
While yet the world was young;
Her monuments of grandeur
Unshaken stand, and strong.

Here shines the sun of Freedom
Forever, o'er the deep
Where Freedom's heroes, by the shore,
In peaceful glory sleep.
And deeds of high and proud emprize
In every breeze are told—
The everlasting tribute
To hearts that now are cold!

Farewell, then, scenes so lovely!
If sunset gild your rest,
Or the pale starlight gleam upon
The water's silvery breast—
Or morning on these glad green isles
In trembling splendor glows,—
A holier spell than beauty
Hallows your pure repose!

DEATH OF GALEAZZO SFORZA.

GALEAZZO, Duke of Milan, was assassinated A. D. 1476, on St. Stephen's day, while entering the church, by three young men,—Lampognano, Visconti, and Olgiato; who, in addition to their hatred of his public career, were irritated against him by private injuries. The first two were immediately killed by the guards, but Olgiato made his escape. Being refused shelter and sustenance by all his friends, except his mother, he was afterwards taken and executed on the scaffold. His last words were,—"*Mors acerba, fama perpetua; stabit vetus memoria facti.*"

'TWAS morn; the sun upon a throne of light,
Poured forth his golden smile, unclouded, bright—
From Alpine hills the moon was seen to rise,
Shaping from earth a pathway to the skies.
The song of streams was heard in joyous sweep,
And nearer still, the murmurs low and deep
Of human tones. A mighty city lay
In the warm light—where shone the awakened day
On burnished roof, and towers, and glittering spires,
Whose kindling peaks shone all with answering fires.
It was a holy day—and many a bell
Pealed out its summoning tones in solemn swell;
And all obeyed. The priest in robes of white,
Which seemed to enfold the consecrated light,
Passed slowly on—and meekly in his train
The crowd that sought his words of life to gain.
The peasant, there, his labours ceased awhile,

And passed with brow composed and thoughtful smile;
The noble, too, forgetful of his pride,
With his unemulous serf walked side by side;
The stately knight dreamed not of victories won,
And waved no glittering falchion in the sun;
But passed with humble port to worship Him,
In whose high sight the deeds of earth grow dim.
Yet passed a few amid the silent throng,
Whose bosoms burned with passions cherished long;
With high resolves, matured and hid in night,
Yet in the hours of darkness gathering might,
Like the pent torrent, struggling with its chain,
With deadlier rage to desolate the plain.
They, too, passed on—with step subdued, and mien
Humblest of all that in the crowd were seen;
Yet oft the lip comprest—the glancing eye,
Whose quick keen look would scan each visage nigh,
Marked them as strange,—perchance for men of crime
Stained with remorse, unsoothed by changing time;
And one by one, the multitude, in fear,
Shrank from their side. Oh! long the moment near,
By those stern spirits, had been wished and sought!
Where'er their steps had been, a single thought
Had fired each breast—stern, restless, mastering still
Each weaker passion, and each selfish will.
They saw their place of birth, their fathers' land
Sunk 'neath the pressure of an iron hand.
They heard the sighs, a mighty nation poured--
The deep curse, breathed upon its tyrant lord—
And, pledged to vengeance, swore that from her chain,

Their country should arise to life again,
Though the stern blow for which the sword they drew
To free their land, should crush her champions too!
The hour was come;—they reached the lofty gate;
The archway frowned in proud and sculptured state,
Fit entrance to such temple!—"'Tis the spot
Appointed—and the hour—why comes he not?"—
Within, a solemn strain of music rose,
Breaking the silent temple's rich repose:
And as the anthem swelled upon the ear,
Without, the tramp of hastening feet they hear;
And dark eyes flashed—as proudly to their sight,
In gorgeous robes, with many a chosen knight
Ranged at his side, the haughty sovereign came,
Fresh blessings from insulted Heaven to claim!
Nor deemed that righteous vengeance, long delayed,
Watched for her prey beneath the sacred shade.
He strode yet on—he stood beside the door—
His step that threshold shall profane no more!
"God and St. Ambrose!"—Starting at the cry,
Their consecrated weapons gleamed on high!—
"God and St. Ambrose!" answering to the sound,
Their swift blows felled the tyrant to the ground!
A moment—and 'twas o'er—prostrate he lay,
A hundred death-wounds gaping to the day—
While darkly on his brow, of life bereft,
Her seal of pride the parting spirit left.
In wild amazement stood his menial train;—
And could no tongue awake the shout again?
Burst there no voice of rapture, to proclaim
Their country free, to hail her champions' name?

Were there no hearts whose burning wrongs called loud
For such revenge, in all that wondering crowd?
There were! but panic chilled each throbbing breast,
Where thoughts of daring had no longer rest!
They dared not strive for freedom! And they saw,
Panting to aid, but quelled by slavish awe,
Those fated men, whose crime had been to brave
Untimely death, their bleeding land to save,
Hewn down by numerous swords;—they heard the groan,
They saw the desperate struggle, as alone,
Unsuccored, two already sunk to die—
The third then flung his reeking blade on high,
And sought escape by flight. On every side
The multitude in silent fear divide,
And as he vanished from their baffled sight,
Half uttered benisons pursued his flight.

* * * * * * * *

The scene was changed:—the slow and solemn tread
Of mingled crowds, and anthems for the dead,
Were heard, low swelling to the cloudless sky;—
And near, the frowning scaffold rose on high;
While he who was to pour his life-blood there,
Came forth with haggard brow, and bosom bare,
Led by the ministers of royal hate,
Who scowled exulting o'er their victim's fate.
Yet in his dauntless mien, and bearing high,
And the proud anger of his scornful eye,
He bore what quelled his foes, and from his name
Back on their conscious bosoms turned the shame!

Bound, and with step that faltered but with pain,
He stood upon the scaffold! Through the train
Which thronged the space around, a murmur passed,
Low, deep, and universal,—like the blast
That scuds through forest boughs, a stirring thrill,
Bowing their tops—and all again was still.
Was it expiring freedom's latest cry?
He knew not—cared not—hither brought to die,
What recked it that his undeserved fate
Should rouse their pity? It was now too late!
Who—when from tyrant vengeance he had fled,
The price of princely murder on his head,
And sought in vain, throughout his native land,
A spot for refuge—who, in all that band
Which stood to watch his death, had dared to give
A sheltering home, and bid the wanderer live?
None—none! all shrunk in terror from his touch;
Priest—soldier—father—brethren! 'Twas too much,
The sufferer from patrician wrath to hide—
And *all* the boon of sustenance denied!
How oft, in shelter of some Alpine wood,
The brute his comrade, and wild herbs his food,
Lone had he roamed, when stars were in the sky,
Or the wild storm careered through clouds on high,
To snatch a look at scenes beloved in vain,
Which his sad step might never tread again!
How often had he cursed, with bitter heart,
The coward souls which shunned to bear their part
In the high deed that might have made *all* free,
Had such been formed to cherish liberty!
Yet was there one—yes one—who would have given

Her heart's last drop to save him;—would have striven
Singly 'gainst earth and heaven! She alone
Received him, to all love besides unknown!—
She, only, watched, with daily, hourly care,
And poured for him the agonizing prayer!—
His mother! Now, when all the timid throng
Retreated, to the scaffold's foot she clung,
And wept alone. Oh! proudly he had borne
The rabble's pity, and patrician scorn.—
But this—the bitterness of death was here!
He turned away, and checked the gushing tear;
While coldly on his sickened sense, a knell
To hope and life, the deadly summons fell,
They took his chains away—and free once more,
The life-warm tide, so checked and chilled before
Burst in bewildering vigour on his brain,
And nerved him to forgotten joy again.
He saw afar beneath the smiling skies,
His native hills in pencilled beauty rise
He saw, through vallies bright with summer glee,
The Po sweep on to join the distant sea;
The lines of sunset in their bland repose,
He saw recline on gleaming Alpine snows;
While o'er the humbler woodland's sloping swell,
Calm, mild, and rich, the golden glory fell;
And near, the stately city stood in pride—
Alas! fair land! 'twere rapture to have died
For thee, if in thy breast the martyr's doom
Could light one spark, to banish slavery's gloom!
Wildly toward Heaven his arms unchained he threw—

"'Tis not"—he proudly cried—"'tis not for you,
"Degraded race, who meekly trembling, tread
"Your fathers' land, and shame the glorious dead,—
"My sentence to record!—Yon hills, which stand
"The everlasting guardians of this land—
"Yon river's ancient tide—the eternal sky—
"These are my witnesses!—here must I die—
"But these—which saw my treason, and behold
"The guerdon ye bestow on hearts too bold—
"When no dark art of malice can prevail,
"To future years shall tell the impartial tale!
"My death is bitter, but from no true heart
"The memory of my wrong shall e'er depart!
"The deed is fixed, and ages yet unborn
"Shall know on *whom* to hurl the shaft of scorn."
He said,—and glanced one brief and farewell look;
Then bowed his neck, that knew no yoke to brook,
One moment high the unshadowed weapon gleamed—
The next in crimson tide life's current streamed!
A cry was heard—'twas not from him who bled,—
But full of startling anguish, wild and dread,
Woman's heart-broken shriek—such as could pour
One breast alone, when its last hope was o'er!

E.

AMY CRANSTOUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD, HOPE LESLIE, ETC.

THE famous Indian war, which ended in the destruction of the chieftain of Mount Hope and his adherents, broke out just a hundred years before our revolutionary war; a circumstance which we leave for the speculation of those who believe that certain periods of time have a mysterious relation and dependance, while we use it merely to fix the date of a domestic story, some important portions of which have been omitted on the page of history, rather we should hope from its fitness for a cabinet picture, than from its insignificance.

Madam Cranstoun, at that period, resided at Providence, and was, we believe, the wife of the governor of Providence Plantations. If we are mistaken in his official dignity, we are not in the fact, that he is set down in history as a "notable gentleman." There was living with Mrs. Cranstoun, a dependant on her bounty, an orphan niece of her husband, Amy Cranstoun. Amy had the figure of a nymph, and a face that expressed a freedom and happiness of spirit that even dependance, that most restricting and acidifying of all states, could never subdue nor sour; and an

innocence and open-heartedness, without fear, and without reproach.

It cannot be denied that the elderly persons of the strict community in which she lived, looked upon her as a very *unapproveable* and unedifying damsel; still she had the miraculous art to open a fountain of love in their hard bound bosoms. She had the irrepressible gayety of a child. Her elastic step seemed to keep time with the harmonious springs of youth and joy. At all times and seasons, and, it must be confessed, without any very reasonable relation to persons or circumstances, her musical voice would break forth in song, or bursts of laughter—

> "That without any control,
> But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul."

Poor Amy often offended against the rigid observances of her contemporaries. She would gape, and even *smile* in the midst of the protracted Sabbath-service, and that in spite of the bend of her uncle's awful brow, her aunt's admonitory winks, and the plummet and rule example of her cousins — maiden ladies, some fifteen years older than Amy, who were so perpendicular and immoveable, that our gay little friend sometimes suspected that the process of petrifaction had begun about the vital region of their hearts. Amy had a wonderful facility in committing to memory "ungodly ballads and soul-enslaving songs," but a sort of intellectual dyspepsia when she attempted to digest sacred literature. She never repeated an answer accurately in the assembly's

catechism; and though she did not, as is reported of those "afflicted by the Salem witches," *faint* at the reading of that precious little treatise entitled, "Cotton's Milk for Babes," she was sure to fall asleep over it, the very opposite effect to that intended by the author of this spiritual food. She reached the age of eighteen without acquiring the current virtues of her day; but her beauty, spirit, or sweet temper, or all of them united, attracted more suitors than her exemplary and well-proportioned cousins could boast through their long career. Among the rest came one Uriah Smith, the son of Deacon Smith, a precious light in Boston. Uriah was a fair, sleek, softly looking youth, grave and deliberate, and addicted to none of the "fooleries and braveries" of the coxcombs of the day. So said Madam Cranstoun to Amy, for Uriah had not, like young Edwin, "only bowed," but had told his love — not to the niece, but most discreetly to the aunt. Madam Cranstoun, amazed at the wonder-working Providence, as she was pleased to term it, that had set before her niece the prospect of such a "companion," communicated, to Amy, Uriah's proposition, with all the circumlocution and emphasis a prime minister might have employed to announce a royal bounty; but most ungraciously did Amy receive it. She sat the while calmly drawing with her pencil on the blank leaf of a book, her face unmoved, except that now and then a slight but ominous smile drew up the corners of her mouth. "Cousin Amy! cousin Amy!" exclaimed her aunt, "give me that book, and let me hear you testify your thankfulness

for a favor of which, sooth to say, you are abundantly unworthy."

"Well, there is the book, aunt Cranstoun, and let it speak for your 'unworthy' niece."

One glance at the pencilled page sufficed. Amy had delineated there a striking resemblance of the overgrown angular Rosinante, on which Uriah had rid to his wooing, and for the rider she had portrayed the form of Uriah, and the face of a monkey! "Shame! shame to you, Amy!" exclaimed her aunt, "dare you thus to trifle with so serious a subject?"

"The *subject* is too serious, I confess, aunt, to be trifled with, and therefore, being an incorrigible trifler, I must decline it altogether." Madam Cranstoun stared in dumb astonishment. "I am in earnest, aunt," continued Amy, "Master Uriah must seek a more suitable helpmeet than your foolish niece."

"*Foolish!* — both foolish and wicked, Amy." Madam Cranstoun lost her self-command. "Yea, *wicked*, without leave, counsel, and consultation, from and with those who have given you shelter, food, and raiment from your cradle, blindly and scoffingly to reject this little-to-be expected, and most unmerited provision for your protection and maintenance through life."

Amy's frivolity, if it must be called by so harsh a name, vanished, while half indignant and half subdued, her cheeks burning, and tears gushing from her eyes, she said — "For food, raiment, and shelter, and for every kindly-spoken word, aunt

Cranstoun, the only child of your husband's sainted sister thanks you, and will, please God, testify her gratitude for your past bounty by every act of duty and devotion to you and yours. But I implore you, in the name of the God of the fatherless, not to drive me from the house of dependance to a house of bondage—the vilest bondage, service without love, fetters on my affection—joyous would they be in a voluntary service, but rebellious and unprofitable in a compelled one."

Madam Cranstoun's heart was touched. She perceived there was reason as well as feeling in Amy's appeal. "Well—well, child," she said, "you know I do not wish to put a force upon you. I do not, nor ever did, feel you to be a heavy burden on us; I only ask you to take the proposition of Master Uriah into consideration, and try to love him, as it becometh a virtuous maiden to love a worthy suitor."

"Oh, aunt, ask me to do any thing else, but indeed there is no use in *trying* to love. I did try, and for one of whom, I confess, I was not in any sort worthy; and whom, beforehand, I should have deemed it right easy to love, but the more I *tried* the more impossible I found it."

"And for whom, I pray you, did you make this marvellous trial?" Amy was silent. "Not, I am sure, for Master James Chilton?—nor Nathaniel Goodeno?" Amy shook her head. "And you would not, Amy," continued her aunt with a more scrutinizing glance, "you would not *try* to love that lawless young spark—I will not mention his name,

since your uncle has forbidden it to be spoken within his doors."

Amy felt her face and neck flushing and burning, and to avert the right inference from her treacherous blushes, she did what may be most pithily expressed by a vulgar proverb, 'jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.' "No, no, aunt," she said, "he to whom I allude is far—far away, and has I trust forgotten me."

"Surely—surely, Amy, you do not mean Wickliffe Wilson?"

"I do, aunt," replied Amy, with an irrepressible smile that abated the virtue of her humble tone of voice.

"Oh, Amy!" exclaimed her aunt, in a voice of sorrow and rebuke, "you amaze and distress me. I knew you to be giddy and trifling to a degree, but I never before thought you senseless and hard-hearted." She paused, and then added, as if a sudden light had broken upon her, "Ah, I see it all now! Little did I think when Wickliffe was spending his precious time, day after day, in teaching you the tongues, that Satan was spreading a snare for him. How could the learned and pious youth suffer his affections to be wasted upon such a piece of laughing idlesse! Wickliffe Wilson, the honored son of an honored sire! the gifted youth! the hope of the plantation! Amy, Amy, was it for that his eye lacked its lustre, his cheek became sunken and pale, and his heart waxed faint!—love of *you*, Amy, that has sent him forth from his father's house,

and from his native land, and without one accusing word or look?"

Amy burst into tears. "He was most generous," she said, "I would have done any thing to manifest my gratitude to him, and as I truly told you, aunt, I did *try* in earnest to love him."

"O pshaw, child! — I see through it all. You could not choose but have loved him, had not your unbridled affections strayed another way. The sooner you recall them the better, for never — never shall you wed with Lovell Reeve — a foil, a contrast truly to the worthy youth Wickliffe!"

Thus pursued, Amy turned and stood at bay. "Aunt Cranstoun," she said, "worthy and noble as Wickliffe may be, and I grant him so, Lovell Reeve, in all gentlemanly points, in all high sentiment and right feeling, is his equal — his equal in every thing but yours and my uncle's esteem; and I have long believed, without the courage to tell you so, that some one has traduced him to you."

"Nay, Amy, his own ill deeds dispraise him. Did he not join the galliards of Boston, in their assemblings for dancing and other forbidden frolics? Did he not aid and abet — nay, was he not the sole instigator and agent in conveying dame Hyslop beyond the Massachusetts, after it was well nigh proven that she was the confederate and vowed servant of Satan, in bewitching Levi Norton's children? — and was not Lovell Reeve foremost, and ringleader of those ungodly youths, who discredited the right of the assistants, and openly opposed the

driving forth of the Quakers, and the extirpation of their blasphemous heresy?"

"I believe, aunt, he has done all this."

"And still you dare to even him with one, who is in full communion and fair standing with the church, and whose walk has been, like pious Samuel's, even from his youth, in all godliness."

"Oh, aunt, the Scripture says there be divers gifts; Wickliffe's are not Lovell's, neither, under favor I say it, are Lovell's, Wickliffe's. And now," she continued, throwing herself on her knees before her aunt, and clasping her hands, "Now, my dear aunt, that I have boldly foregone maidenly modesty, and spoken, in some measure as I feel, of my true-love, let me plead with you, by all your care for my well-being — by all your gentle, womanly thoughts and memories — by that pure and interchanged affection which Lovell and I have plighted before God, I beseech ye let me follow the biddings of my heart, and profess before the world what I have revealed to you, instead of hiding it like a guilty passion in the depths of my heart — you do feel for us! — you cannot help it — Oh speak to my uncle."

Amy had skilfully touched a powerful spring. Her aunt was affected by her half voluntary confidence; but though the long congealed sources of sympathy were softened, they were not melted, and when Amy mentioned her uncle, the subject, in Madam Cranstoun, reverted to its old light. "Rise, my child," she said, "it ill becomes you to put yourself in the posture of a silly damsel of romance.

Your uncle and I cannot recede from a decision made after due and prayerful deliberation. I now perceive that you are apprised of the youth Lovell having applied to us—not as he should have done before communing with you,—for leave to make suit to you, to which we answered with a full negative, and stated our reasons therefor, which, were he of a right temper, would have been satisfactory. We have fully warned him not to urge you to an act of disobedience, and secured his compliance by informing him that any marriage bounty, which your uncle might purpose, would be withheld in case of your failure in duty due."

"You mistake his spirit—he spurned the threat, and urged me to forfeit my uncle's gift; and by my troth, aunt, it was not in the wealth of the Indies to hold me back, but I did fear to violate my duty to you, and I hoped you would grant my prayer when I dared to make it to you."

"Never, Amy, never. I commend you in as far as you have acted wisely in the past; and for the future I command you to dismiss Lovell Reeve from your mind."

"I cannot. I may control the outward act, but how eradicate the image blended with every thought and affection?"

"This is girlish talk, Amy. Be humble and teachable, child. Remember that youth ever errs in judgment. Be guided by those, who are both wise and experienced; and then, Amy, if you should still be privileged with the favor of worthy Master Wick-

liffe's love, you may yet be mated to our acceptance and your own profit."

"Heaven forbid," thought Amy. Her aunt proceeded, "I see that thou art self-willed, but take heed—the judgment of Heaven may light upon thee—consider duly—go to thy apartment, and commune with thy heart."

Amy obeyed with alacrity; for in these communings she found the only indulgence of an affection, which neither her conscience nor her judgment forbad. Amy's conscience, though it did not act in obedience to the laws Madam Cranstoun would have prescribed, was a faithful monitor, and Amy was obedient to its monitions. Clandestine proceedings were abhorrent to the integrity of her character. Every delicate woman instinctively revolts from an elopement and a secret marriage. Amy had maintained a firm negative to Lovell's entreaties. With the confidence of her most happy temper she believed that some favorable circumstance would occur, some influence come, she knew not whence, to shift the wind in her favor. But—when she had put aside her pride and her maidenly reserve, and freely confessed her love to her aunt, and found her unrelenting, and resolved to maintain her power in its utmost rigor—Amy felt a spirit of insurrection rising in her heart, that probably, but for the strange events that followed, would soon have broken out into open rebellion. There were throbbings at her heart at the thought of escape from thraldom; when, at this treacherous moment, a servant tapped at the door to announce

"that Wimple, the Boston Pedlar, was in the hall with his box full of nick-nacks, that he was sure would pleasure Miss Amy's eye."

"Tell him," said Amy, in a tone that indicated nothing could pleasure her at that moment, "tell him I want nothing."

"Pray do not send him that word, Miss Amy!—Madam has huffed him already; and Miss Prudence and Miss Tempy have bought nothing but knives and whalebones. They were sharp and stiff enough already!—and besides, Wimple bade me tell you he has a violet ribbon, just the color of your eyes."

Perhaps curious to ascertain the color of her eyes, or it may be, like most frail mortals, not deaf to flattery, Amy descended to the hall. She found her aunt and cousins, attracted by the pretty assortment of merchandise, still hovering about the pedlar's box, inquiring prices, cheapening the articles they meant to buy, and vouchsafing a few grains of praise to such as they did not want.

"Ah, my service to you, Mistress Amy," said Wimple, "it would be ill luck to my box to leave the plantations without seeing you."

"And ill fortune to me, Wimple. But where is the ribbon Judith told me of!"

"The ribbon!—what ribbon, my young lady?—ah, I remember," added Wimple, as the luring message he had transmitted recurred to him, "it should be here—or here—it was of the violet dye, young lady—the flower—and something else I've seen—looks as if a drop from the blue sky had

fallen into it—the ribbon is clean gone, but here is a pair of gloves, a nice fit for you."

"They are just the color I have been looking for, for a full half hour to no purpose," said Miss Prudence, "so it is but fair I should have the first trial."

Wimple looked disconcerted—"Indeed, my young lady," he said, with a discreet emphasis on *young*, not enough to imply sarcasm, and just enough to seem earnest, "indeed, my young lady, they are a thought too small for you," and suiting the action to the word, he adroitly measured the glove against the back of Miss Prudence's broad, sinewy hand; she turned away satisfied, or piqued. Wimple, too politic to leave a shadow on the mind of a customer, added, "I will suit you, Miss Prudy, next time, for one of my brethren in the walking line, is expected from Acadie with French nackeries, and he'll be sure to bring gloves;—such as these with pretty devices are much sought after, by the Boston gallants, for love-tokens.'

"Let me look at the gloves before you purchase,' interposed Madam Cranstoun, whose ear was offended by Wimple's professional vaunt; "I do not approve these braveries that feed vanity, and draw truant eyes at meeting."

Wimple adroitly exchanged the gloves designed for Amy, for a pair embroidered with a monumental device, saying, "Madam Cranstoun will certainly approve the wholesome lesson wisely wrought here."

Madam Cranstoun returned the gloves with a cold remark, that she believed they would do no harm;

and Wimple unsuspected slipped the right pair into Amy's hand, contriving as he did so to let her see the corner of a note within the glove. "Never mind the pay this time, Mistress Amy," he said. Amy understood him, dropped a silver penny in his hand, and quickly disappeared. She then returned to her room, bolted her door, and kissing the gloves,—*those fated gloves*—she read the following note: "My beloved Amy; and yet how mine, since your own cruel sentence makes those barriers impassable which tyranny has erected? Still you are mine by your own most precious confession; by vows registered in Heaven, and which not all the power of all the uncles and aunts in christendom can make void. I have something to communicate that I cannot trust to paper—meet me, I beseech you, on Tuesday the 5th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., under the elm tree, just beyond the cove. If you refuse me this boon, I shall fear the freezing atmosphere in which you live has chilled the warm precincts of your heart. At seven, dear Amy,—remember, 7 P. M. of Tuesday the 5th—farewell till then."

"Tuesday the 5th" had come, and "7 P. M." drew nigh, when Amy put on the memorable gloves, which were wrought with a bunch of forget-me-nots, tied with a true-love knot; and sheltering herself in a dark silk cloak and hood, she eluded all the argus eyes about the mansion, and reached the place of rendezvous. "He is not here!" she exclaimed, as her foot touched the spot; "here is yet one minute to spare," she added, looking at her

watch; "yet it should have been Lovell, not I, who came the minute too soon—next time," she concluded, drawing off one of her gloves, "Lovell shall wear the forget-me-not."

Poor Lovell! he would not have broken the thousandth part of a minute in his appointment; but the most faithful are not exempted from the cross accidents of life. His horse, in passing a treacherous causeway, had broken his leg. Lovell did not hesitate to abandon him, and hurried on with all the speed that vigorous and agile limbs, and a most impatient spirit, could supply; but even love cannot travel like a sound horse, and when Lovell reached the cove it was a quarter past seven. There was still enough of twilight left, for him to discern the print of Amy's little foot on the white sand. He bent and kissed it, then sprang up the bank and onward to the elm-tree—she was not there! He thought that in the spirit of a sportive retaliation for his delay, she might have hidden in some shaded recess. He explored every recess, penetrated every possible hiding-place, he pronounced, and imploringly repeated, her name, but all in vain. "She must have been here!" he exclaimed, "I could not mistake the print of any other foot for her's—Oh Amy, could you not wait one quarter of an hour for me!—Can any thing have happened to her?—She may have been followed hither by some evil-minded person!" Apprehensions accumulate most rapidly where the safety of a defenceless object, and the dearest one in life is at stake. Lovell reiterated Amy's name in a

voice of agony; he looked over, again and again, the places he had already thoroughly searched; he then returned to the cove, there was no mark there of a returning footstep; she could not then have gone back that way. He remounted the bank, intending to extend his search farther up the river. After passing some willows, the shore was rocky, and just beyond the rocks was a thicket of saplings, and tangled bushes that led to the water's edge. "She could not have passed here," he said. Something caught his eye at the bottom of the rock. He descended, and just on the margin of the river he found one of Amy's gloves, one of the pair which he had sent by Wimple, and on the sand was imprinted the mark of a small foot, that must have been recently there. His head became giddy with terrific apprehensions, and now, as he looked up the rock, he saw the fibrous plants that grew from their fissures had been freshly uprooted, and appeared as if their insufficient aid had been resorted to. The mind will not at once surrender itself to despair. It was barely possible that some acquaintance had been sailing on the river, and that, to avoid surmises, Amy had returned to town in the boat. But there was the glove! — Amy would not have carelessly dropped his love-token — and the uprooted plants! Still there was a ray of hope, and in one half hour Lovell burst into Governor Cranstoun's parlor, and darting his eye around the formal circle, he explained its glance by asking in one breath, "Is Amy here? — has she returned? — has no one seen her?" The family all rose, startled at

his wild appearance. "Is the youth crazy?" asked Madam Cranstoun.

"This intrusion is unlooked for, and manifestly indecorous!" said the governor.

"Will no one answer me?" exclaimed Lovell, and snatching a hand-bell from the table, he returned to the hall and rang it furiously. The servants, alarmed, obeyed the summons. "Have any of you seen Mistress Amy?" he asked, "and when?—and where?" All looked amazed, none answered. "For the love of Heaven speak,—go to her room—search every where."

"Hold, young man!" said Governor Cranstoun, "you are mad."

"Mad?—I shall be mad!—she is lost!—it may be, *murdered.*"

The last word, articulated as it was in a broken and suppressed voice, penetrated to every heart, and instantly every mouth was opened, every room was searched, and every corner of the mansion in an uproar and confusion.

"I saw her before tea," said one. "I saw her go out the side gate!" said another.

"Yes," said Miss Prudence, "and I saw her from my window, and thought then she was going on a wild goose chase."

The alarm soon spread from the governor's family to the town; alarm-bells were rung, and the men in separate and small bands went out on a scout in every direction. The search was continued for days, and not relinquished till neither reason nor hope held

out the slightest probability of success. But after the people had returned to their usual occupations, and Amy's disappearance had become an old story, it continued to be as acutely felt by Lovell Reeve, as at the first terrible moment of conviction that she was gone. He abandoned his ordinary pursuits, forsook his accustomed haunts; and worn and wasted wandered over the country, seeking and inquiring, but finding nothing to feed his hopes, which were only kept alive by the undying fires of love. Amy's disappearance was just about the period of the death of the heroic Indian, king Philip. A few of his old comrades still maintained a feeble resistance to the English. Lovell sometimes encountered their parties in the fastnesses of the savage forests. They answered his questions patiently, and treated him kindly; probably his wild and haggard aspect impressed them with the belief that he was suffering from one of those visitations of Heaven, which elicit far more tenderness and respect from the savage than the civilized man. On one occasion, at late twilight, he had thrown himself down in a little nook made by the turning of a brook that ran rambling past it, and wearied and exhausted he had opened his wallet, when he heard some one striding down the rocky hill above him. From the dimensions of the figure he mistook it for that of a man, but as it approached nearer, he perceived it to be a young Indian woman. Her head was thrown back, her brow painfully contracted, and her eye fixed, and indicating a mind abstracted from all outward things. She threw

herself on the ground, almost at the feet of Lovell, without seeing him. Her cheek was hollow, and her limbs tremulous; but she seemed as if some passionate grief obscured the sense of corporeal wants. Lovell spoke to her; asked her whither she came? where she was going? to which she replied, in such imperfect English, that she conveyed no meaning to Lovell. One word alone he understood, and that was the name of the famous Annowon, the Indian chieftain, who had been the companion of Philip's father, the tried and trusted associate of Philip himself, and who, still unsubdued, though hunted like a beast of prey, maintained his national independance in the gloomy depth of a forest—all that was left of the wide domain inherited from his fathers.

Lovell offered the woman a portion of his evening meal; she took it eagerly, devouring it ravenously, and then drawing her blanket over her head, she pillowed it on the rock, and was soon lost in deep sleep. Poor Lovell envied her short oblivion, and continued, hour after hour, watching the stars on their courses, till at last nature overcoming his sense of misery, he too fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning, the Indian woman had disappeared. On the crushed grass where she had lain there was something that quickened Lovell's pulses. He sprang forward, seized, and examined it—it was Amy's glove. The mate he had worn in his bosom, from the fatal hour of her disappearance. But alas! the woman who had possessed this clew had gone. He shouted, he ran hither and yon, calling in the

most supplicating voice, but he was only answered by the forest echoes. He had, however, obtained some light; and vague, and feeble as it was, it might prove a guiding beam over the weary waste that had encompassed him. Annowon either did possess the secret of Amy's fate, or could command it. This conclusion made, Lovell instantly conceived a project, and set forward to execute it.

We return to where we left our little friend Amy. She was startled from her mental reproaches of her lover by the plash of oars, and, turning, she saw a canoe rowing through the cove, and stealthily close into the shore. There were two Indians in the canoe, but as there were many friendly natives in the vicinity of Providence, she was not alarmed till the canoe, having turned the ledge of rocks and disappeared, she saw the Indians coming up the bank towards her. Escape was impossible. The one was an old man, the other a youth. The young man asked her to come with them. The elder, without ceremony, seized her arm and dragged her forward. She resisted with all her might, shrieking the name of Lovell, and vainly hoping he might be near enough to hear her voice, but that hope soon vanished. She was thrust into the canoe, and it was rapidly rowed down the stream to a swampy landing-place, where the Indians disembarked, drew their canoe up into the thicket, and began their scramble through

the morass. In the short time that had passed since Amy had relinquished the hope of a rescue, she had, with her strong native good sense, surveyed her position, and made up her mind as to her mode of conduct. In carrying her resolve into execution she was sustained by an unconquerable, a Heaven-inspired cheerfulness of spirit, that like a clear meridian sun brightened even the darkest objects. Poor girl! she needed all its power. The Indians were amazed to see her, instead of lagging, press forward without a word or sigh of complaint. The elder of her captors she soon ascertained to be the far-famed Annowon, now verging to old age, but still retaining many of the attributes of vigorous manhood, a fiery eye, an upright person, and a firm step; the younger was Mantunno, a young man of two and twenty, an exception to, rather than a specimen of his race. His aspect was that of a man of peace and gentleness. His voice was sympathetic, as he ever and anon cheered on his captive, and where the passes were most difficult he carried her, sinking to his knees in the bogs, till he reached a firm foot-hold.

Thus they proceeded till they approached a place, which still, after the passage of more than a century and a half, retains the name of "*Annowon's rock.*" This rock, or rather ledge of rocks, for it extends from 70 to 80 feet, was then inaccessible except from one point, being nearly surrounded by a morass, which, before the land was drained, was covered with water. Near its base the rocks have deep recesses and shelving places, and being well hedged in with

felled trees and dried bushes, they afforded a sort of sheltering nest for these wild denizens of the woods. A beacon-light had penetrated through the tangled wood, guiding Amy's step over the slippery rocks and trembling mosses, but the way suddenly became more difficult; the poor girl's heart of grace failed, and exhausted she sunk down and burst into tears. The old Indian muttered, "Telula cry? — never."

"Telula no woman," replied the young man, and taking our poor little friend in his arms, he strided on through bush and through brake, till emerging suddenly, they came upon the access to their wild resting-place, and as the now unimpeded light streamed cheerfully up from it and shone on Amy's face, Mantunno saw there a tolerably successful effort at a smile of gratitude, which went very near to his heart. Refreshed by her rest in the Indian's arms, and encouraged by his kindness, and perhaps too, stimulated by the wildness and novelty of the scene, — for Amy's was a somewhat romantic and most buoyant spirit, — she descended the ledge of rocks, sometimes upheld by Mantunno, sometimes sustaining herself on a foothold that seemed scarcely qualified to afford support for a bird, and sometimes holding fast by branches of the trees that here and there had forced themselves through the crevices of the rocks. Thus she reached safely the broad base of the ledge, and looking around her at various distances, and imperfectly, as the fire-light glanced athwart them, she saw small groups of Indians. Near her a bright fire was burning under a caldron, from which issued fumes so savory,

that considering the gross appetites of which common souls are compounded, they would have been much more like, than those strains the poet magnifies, to "create a soul under the ribs of death." Tending this caldron was a tall, bony Indian girl; her features were large, and expressive of turbulent passions, but without a particle of the feminine softness that is common to young women of all hues.

She looked like a vulture, eager to grasp a dove in its talons, as she fixed her eyes on poor little Amy. Some broken sentences she spoke to the youth, in her native tongue, complaining of his protracted absence and her wearisome solitude, and then turned her eye again on Amy, as if she longed to know, but would not ask, why that little garden-blossom had been brought to their wild home.

Mantunno neither heeded her words nor her looks. He was busied in making a bed of dry mosses and leaves for his captive, and forming a bower for her, by interweaving branches of the hemlocks and cedars that were growing in abundance around them.

Annowon called loudly for supper, and Telula served it, but without eating herself or offering a portion to Amy till bidden by Annowon, when she filled a wooden trencher and set it before her, and Amy, in pursuance of her resolution to sustain her strength and spirits by all human means, and we suspect befriended by an honest appetite; ate as heartily as if she had been at her uncle's table—the best in 'Providence Plantations.' After she had finished her singular meal, she thanked Mantunno

for the bed he had spread for her, bade him "good night," in the sweetest tone of her sweet voice, and crept into her little bower, where, after commending herself to God, she fell asleep, pondering over the chances of reunion to Lovell Reeve. Oh, what lessons may be learned from those who act according to the dictates of wise nature!

Mantunno laid himself down at a little distance from Amy's bower, and long into the watches of the night Telula observed his wakeful eye fixed on it, as a miser watches the casket that contains his treasure. But when at last his senses were locked in sleep, Telula drew near the old man, who, as he sat leaning against the rock, looked like a portion of it, so rigid were his features, so sharp and immoveable the outline of his bony figure. "Father," asked Telula, in her own language, "is this Yengee girl yours, or Mantunno's captive?"

"Mine."

"My father is wise!—" said Telula, in that tone which converts an affirmation into a negative.

"And why am I not wise, Telula."

"Was I not wretched enough yesterday?"

"And why more wretched now?"

"Did he ever pile the mosses for *my* head to rest upon?—Did he ever weave a curtain around *my* bed?—Did he ever watch *my* sleep as the eagle watches its nestling? Mantunno's soul is as the pale-faces! He would fain mate with them."

"What mean you, Telula?"

"This girl!—this girl!—why did ye bring her hither?"

The vehement tones of Telula's voice, and the flood of tears she poured out, seemed, rather than her words, to have conveyed her meaning to the old man. He fixed his eye on her and said, "Ye would not surely wed your mother's sister's son?"

"*I would.*"

"This is worse than all!—I charge ye, Telula, as you love your life, never to speak—never to *think* of this again."

"I *cannot* obey you." Both reverted to silence; but the subject was for ever fixed in the minds of both. The marriage of cousins was regarded as an abomination by some, if not by all the Indian tribes, and their strict adherence to the Hebrew law in this particular is urged by some of our antiquaries as among the proofs of their descent from the ten lost tribes. Annowon had met with losses and miseries in every shape. His wives were dead—his children had gone like flowers from the hill-side—his people had vanished—his brother Philip had been slain in battle, and his body hacked in pieces by the sacrilegious knives of the Yengees—and some fifty followers, and this barren rock on which the sun shone, and the showers fell in vain, was all that was left of his tribe and their wide domain; and now this unlawful passion of the last of his race seemed to him to fill up the measure of his sorrows.

He had seized Amy from an impulse of hostility to her race; he had learned from her her high con-

nexions, and he now purposed either to make her a victim of his vengeance, or an instrument in obtaining his own terms in the treaty that, in his moments of despair, he contemplated making with the English. In the mean time, if Amy could be made to subserve the purpose of extinguishing Telula's hopes and affection, so much the better;—her hopes, she might; her affection, as it proved, could outlive hope.

When Amy awoke, she felt, as every one does in coming out of the kind oblivion of sleep, the full weight of her calamity. She seemed translated to a new world. Every object around her was savage, and the Indians themselves seemed, not creatures of her kind, but meet offspring of the rocks and tangled forest. But as the morning advanced her courage returned. As she felt the cheering influence of the sun, and heard the notes of familiar birds—the voices of old friends—her spirit revived, and she came forth from her bower so serene, bright, and beautiful, that Mantunno exclaimed, in his own language, "The morning star!" Telula's jealous ear caught the words, and she darted a glance first at Amy, and then at him, that made her recoil, and filled him with alarm. He was aware of Telula's strong passions, he was aware of her love for him, and *that* one look had revealed to him what she might feel towards a rival.

Day after day passed on, and he never left the rock save when he was sure that his grandfather's presence secured Amy's safety. Telula saw his distrust, and it sunk deep into her soul. When he was

present, his eye continually rested on Amy; when he was absent, it was plain his heart still lingered with her. The brilliant feathers of birds, their curious eggs, wild flowers, and every pretty treasure of the forest, were laid at her feet, and Mantunno was sufficiently rewarded with a kindly beam of Amy's blue eye, or a faint smile from her bright lip, when Telula felt that she would have given life for one such proof of his love. The miserable girl's jealousy was inflamed in every way. The old man permitted and encouraged Mantunno's devotion, and Amy, believing, from her own experience, love to be the most generous of all sentiments, cherished it by smiles and kindness. Telula neither ate nor slept. Her form wasted, and her face became so haggard, that Amy shrunk from her as from some blighting demon.

One evening, just at twilight, Mantunno and Amy were alone together. It was a rare chance, and Amy eagerly seized it to urge a suit she had long meditated. She entreated the young Indian, by all his love of his own people and kindred—by all his friendship for her, to guide her back to her home.

"But," he tenderly remonstrated, "you have neither father nor mother, sister nor brother—they make home." Amy wept bitterly. "Oh!" he continued, in the universal language of loving nature, "let my home be thy home, and my people thy people!"

Amy was rather stunned by this proposition. She soon recovered her self-possession, and replied

courageously, "Mantunno, I have not, it is true, father nor mother, sister nor brother, but there is one dearer to me than all these, and I am his promised bride." The Indian threw himself on the ground and wished he were dead.

At this moment Telula, returning from a half frenzied wandering, had let herself down the rocks, her eyes fixed on them, but unseen and unheard by them. She heard Amy say, as she approached near them, "Oh rise, my good friend, I shall always *love* you for your kindness"——

Telula did not wait to hear her out. One word only, *love*, of which she felt the full import, penetrated to her brain. She instantly resolved on a project, to which, though most abhorrent to her national feelings, she was stimulated by her resentment towards Annowon, and by the maddening passions of love and jealousy. She sprang towards Amy, tore apart a ribbon, by which was suspended the glove, Lovell's precious gift, and thrusting it into her own bosom, mounted the rock like a wild-cat, and went forth brooding on [illegible] purpose, in her better mind dismissing it, and then again goaded on by her insane passion, seeking the means of its execution.

Old Annowon was afflicted and soured by Telula s protracted absence. He became sullen and crabbed, and wreaked his bitter feelings on poor Amy. He imposed domestic offices on her, compelled her to bring water, and feed the fire. Mantunno saw her fragile form bending under burdens; he felt, like the lover in the play, that "such baseness ne'er had like

executor," and fain would he have given the strongest proof of love a savage could give, by performing these ignoble, womanly offices himself; but the old man harshly forbade him, and asked him "when it was he served Telula?"

Poor Amy's heart sunk as her hopes abated. She was yet far from despairing, but each day seemed an age to her. Mantunno's kindness was undiminished, but now her soul revolted from it; even the crabbedness of the old man was more tolerable to her. Still, save in the tears that would unbidden now and then steal from her eyes, she did not betray the sadness of her heart.

Two weeks had elapsed, and nothing was yet heard of Telula, though Annowon had sought her in all the forest haunts of his dispersed and hunted tribe. He returned one night, wearied, and more sad than sullen, threw himself on his mat. Amy heard him groaning, and at intervals repeating the same words, "What says he?" she asked of Mantunno.

He repeats, "my people! my children! Telula! all gone!" With the instinct of her sex, Amy tried to comfort him. She offered him his favorite drink, unbidden prepared his evening meal, and, with earnest words, prayed him to take it. He declined her kindness, but he seemed touched by it, and drawing her towards him, he said, "Ah, child, bright days are written on thy smooth brow, and the promise of friends and lovers stamped on thy beautiful face."

"Oh, then," said Amy, eagerly availing herself of the first auspicious moment, "restore me to my

friends—do not make me wear out my life in bondage and doing strange tasks. I shall soon die if I hear not the voices of my kindred!—Oh, think how hard it must be not to hear the language of your own people! not to sit to eat with those of your own color! to live on without a smile, and die without one to mourn you."

"Amy! Amy!" exclaimed Mantunno involuntarily.

The exclamation seemed to dry the fountain of pity that Amy had opened in the old man's bosom. "Ye are the child of my enemies," he said, "and like all the pale-faces, ye have misery and ruin in your track—go to your bed, child—go to your bed."

Amy crept into her little bower, and in the anguish of her heart she mentally reproached her lover. "Ah!" she thought, "had I been Lovell, and he been me, I would not have rested till every white man in the colonies was on foot, till every den in the forest was searched; but, alas! alas! men do not love as we love!" Far into the night she revolved these bitter thoughts, but finally, true to herself and true to Lovell, she fell asleep, alleging very good reasons why Lovell could not have found her.

While all around him slept, Annowon was awake, gloomily pondering the past, more gloomily the future. The evening fire had gone out. The moon looked down smilingly, just as she had looked in his happiest days, on the stern home of the old warrior. Her silvery beams fell on the branches as they waved in the light breeze; shone on the flowers that, projecting from the crevices, hung over the rocks; penetrated

even to the recess where Annowon's trusty followers were sleeping; defined Mantunno's graceful figure as he lay near Amy's bower, dreaming of the lovely form within it; fell on that form modestly wrapped in a cloak, and played over her fair cheek and bright hair—the fairest and brightest that ever rested on a leafy pillow in the wild world.

Annowon was suddenly startled from his abstraction, and looking up, he saw Telula creeping slowly and cautiously down the rocks. Annowon, as soon as he had recovered from his first joyful sensation of surprise, perceived the shadow of some person following her cast back upon the rock, and then another, and another, but these shadows were so confounded with that of a large basket that Telula carried, and constantly shifted from arm to arm, that they conveyed no definite information to Annowon; and he, as little expecting treachery from Telula as from his own soul, was not alarmed, till an Indian, instantly followed by others, grasped the branch of a tree, swung down the last descent, and round an angle of the rock, and darting into the recess where Annowon's followers were sleeping, butchered them. At the same moment the old chief himself was seized. Telula rushed past him, rent open the bower as if it were but a spider's web, drew a hatchet from beneath her blanket, and raised her arm over Amy; Mantunno sprang forward and interposed his person in time to save Amy—by the sacrifice of his own life!

As his body fell at her feet, Telula recoiled, then again raising her arm and flourishing the hatchet in

the air, she purposed surer aim at the "Yengee girl," but Amy was already far up the rock, in the arms of Lovell Reeve! Telula gazed after her, she felt Mantunno's warm blood dripping from her hatchet on her arm, and sunk senseless beside his body.

It had all passed like a flash of lightning, that uproots and tears asunder that which was fast rooted and bound together. Annowon turned his eye from the bloody tragedy, and saw himself in the hands of Captain Church, the famous vanquisher of King Philip. He then, as history records, took from his bosom two most curious bits of wampum, and some other consecrated trifles, that had been a portion of Philip's royal insignia, and kneeling, surrendered them to Church, with the ceremony and feeling with which a faithful follower yields the banner of his chieftain. He then sunk down, and covered his face with his hands, saying, "I have done — I am the last of my people!"

We have not space to relate Annowon's fate. It fills one of those pages that we could wish expunged from the history of christians.

It is not necessary to detail the particulars that led to the catastrophe we have described. We have faintly intimated them. The curious reader will find them at large in the contemporaneous histories. We have added some circumstances not there recorded, and we have learned from that *veracious* source, "the best authority," that Telula was afterwards seen on the shores of the blue Ontario, where, among the wild

people who confound inspiration with insanity, she was reverenced and cherished.

Lovell Reeve, with his rescued betrothed, proceeded forthwith to Governor Cranstoun's, and no one thenceforth opposing his right to her, it was soon confirmed by the solemn ceremonial of marriage. The only exception to the general kindness lavished on Amy, was a remark from one of her discreet cousins,—on whom a wedding seems not to have had its usual benign influence,—"that young ladies must expect to pay dearly for evening assignations with clandestine lovers."

A SEA-PICTURE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Come—sit with me, here by these dark old rocks,
Where, as they heave in, you may dip your feet
Into the gurgling waters. This white shaft
'Gainst which we lean—the beacon to these seas—
Whose sleepless eye looks ever through the storm
And beauty of the night, undimmed—the same—
I've seen lashed, to its lantern, by the surf
Of this mad ocean, when the winds were up
In their loud revel.

I remember me,
While yet a boy, I gloried in the scenes
Of these sea-tempests—and I oft-times sought
These gray rocks, to look out upon the sky,
When the waves mounted to it, as to meet
The stooping clouds.

Once, when the year was dim,
And the heavens curtained with the coming storm,
So deep, and so like night, that men had pass'd

Into their homes, and barred their very doors,
As against something fearful—I had crept,
Full of that young but terrible delight
That mastered me in those days, to these cliffs,
And in a shelter'd nook, far over us, sat down
To watch the mustering spirits of the gale.

Far out on the horizon I beheld
One lone ship—on its darkening arch relieved,
As some huge white-winged bird, just quivering
Its pinions o'er the billow it had spurned
In its uprising.—As I looked, it grew
Upon my vision, till a stately bark,
With its unmastered canvass, through the foam,
Right on the stormy pathway of my eye,
Came plunging on.—The tempest now was loud—
And its far voice, from crest to crest of waves,
Was calling through the deep—in that stern sound,
The everlasting anthem of the sea,
When storm stirs all its music—and here—here—
Upon these iron rocks it threw itself,
Like leaping thunder, till I felt my seat
Quake under me, as though the frighted earth
Moved on its great foundations!

—— She came on—
Helmless and masterless—yet I could see
From my far aerie there—where I was held,
As by some wand that spelled me into stone,
Stirless and tongueless 'mid the wild uproar—
The dim deck crowded—and could trace faint forms—

And some in white robes, flashing through the dull
And dizzy air the thundering waves threw up,
Till the mist bathed my brow.

I heard no sound
From the upheaving vessel—though I saw
Forms multitudinous, with arms upflung,
And faces lifted to the pouring sky—
For such was the hoarse bellowing of the tide,
And the commingled roaring of the wind,
That the scared sea-bird, as his dripping wing
Flapped in my face upon his circling flight,
Passed with his shriek unheard.

I saw her now,
Tumbling beneath me. But no hope was there!
Already half a wreck, the noble bark
Had struggled with the storm, through drifting cloud
And measureless abyss; till, tired and torn,
She bent despairingly, before the gale,
Seeking a quick destruction.—I could see—
Perched on that roaring pinnacle, how blind
And aimless she swooped through the tossing foam,
With rudder racked—rent mast—and shattered sail
But one mast staggering stood—and at its peak
A black flag, through the thin and hurrying clouds,
Stream'd to the troubled air;—beneath it clung
To the mad, rocking spire, with naked arm,
A lone, drenched sea-boy, with his reeking hair,
Now in the rain-cloud dashed, and now in foam!
Oft on the giddy yard, where yet the sail

Flared with its lashing remnant to the sky,
I saw the crouching sailor
In impotent essay at some wild grasp,
His thought had whispered in those intervals
Of light, that flash on life's extremities—
For hope is ever handmaid to despair!

Yet nearer!—and I saw the straggling ropes
Flung on the rattling gust—and a rent flag
Was shivering from the shrouds—but nothing there
To tell the story of its land. Then as she rose
Upon some mountain billow, I could see
A quick smoke darting through the scattering foam,
Belched from some signal gun, that a mad hand
Had touched, in desperation—but no sound
Boomed through the waters, and the roaring wind.

At length she struck—and I could see the crew
Leap at the quick revulsion—and uplifting
Their arms, as if in gladness, that an end
Had come upon their agony—as if
They shouted o'er the yawning sepulchres
That they had dreamt of, with a wildering hope
Of some last strange salvation—as though now
They hailed their very graves, with the quick eye
And babbling madness of despairing hearts,
When the dark leap *must* come.

Upon the side
Of the lurched ship stood one, whose convulsed arm
Strained to her bosom something, that it held

With an unearthly energy—that grasp
Which Nature owns its strongest!—her lank hair
Part to the tempest streamed, and part her breast
Received to veil her offspring, and to dull
Its faint cries for lost sustenance. One glance
Told me the tale.—The mother and the child
Passing, unparted, to a common grave!

I look'd—and they were gone—and in their place
Stood two—gazing the last time into eyes
That were the only language of their hearts,
In that last hour of agony.—I saw
Them, hand in hand, approach the reeking side
Of the rent bark—and looking the last time
Into each other's faces, and then down
Into the gulphing waters, they did leap,
With fingers yet entangled—to the waves!
And hearts unseparate—defying there,
In love's undying unison, the pall
That death would cast round their fidelity!

Again—upon the parting deck stood one—
An old man—with white hair—and terror-struck.
He was a miser—and each palsied hand
Clutched the just bursting bag, as though he felt
That he might bribe death with such glittering coin,
To pass such meagre prey—or, if he died,
The pang would be less bitter with his gold!
But ah! no purchase from that sentence came—
I saw the sweltering sea leap over him,
And snatch his treasures to its sunless caves.

The throng had passed, as it seem'd, under me,
Into one grave. Some laid them down and died,
In their own fear's intensity—and some,
Folding rude cloaks around them, bowed their heads,
And turned their cringing backs upon the sea,
That smote them to their death—as though, thus cowled,
And bending, to escape the billow's wrath.

And now upon the desolated deck
But two remained—one was a dark-brown man,—
A son of Solitude, like those that roamed
Once through these sounding woods. He stood alone,
His red arms folded on his stalwart breast,
And his bronzed face bent down, with moveless gaze,
Upon the hurrying waters.—At his side,
Went to and fro a madman, with his hands
Flung out in supplication, and, anon,
Tearing with frenzy at his knotted hair,
To give it to the winds!—With leaping step
He traversed the last timbers—and at times
Waved round his head, exulting, the remains
Of the last tattered flag.

The Indian's gaze,
Unchanging, as himself, upon the gulph
Still rested—as of a charmed statue's eye!
He saw no terror in the passage. 'Twas to him
But a wild journey to the spirit land,
Where he should meet his fathers.

—— But enough—
My vision, as enchanted, still glared down
Upon these ringing and insatiate rocks.
The storm still howled—and as the rattling rain
Beat in my face, my sight, yet more intense
Grew to the groaning ship—till she went down,
And the wide sea poured in, in victory,
Shouting and trampling o'er her sepulchre!

THE HARMONY OF NATURE,

AND

SOVEREIGNTY OF MAN.

THERE is joy among the icebergs, when ends the polar night,
And their mighty crystals flash in the newly wakened light;
There is joy in shouting Egypt, when through its valleys wide,
Pours the fountain of her harvests its renovated tide;
Through each zone that belts the earth, Nature sings a gladsome song,
In numbers sweetly simple or magnificently strong;
By the well-spring in the desert, beneath the spreading palm,
Her voice rings sweet and holy through an atmosphere of balm;
Where Niagara the burthen of his congregated springs
Hurls down the yawning chasm, how gloriously she sings,

Afar in leafy forests, where the axe hath never swung,
Where the Indian roams sole monarch, and the panther rears her young;
In meadows of the wilderness, where proudly in the air,
The elk his antlers tosseth, and the bison makes his lair;
From heights, where the strong eagle sways his pinions on the cloud,
And valleys, where the vine's bright leaves the blushing clusters shroud;
From the teeming lap of Ocean, where rest the sunny isles,
And white winged barks are laden with their rich and mellow spoils;
With trumpet-tongued sublimity, or low and silver voice,
Nature swells the mighty anthem, whose burthen is, —Rejoice!
Oh! life sustaining Air, bounding Ocean, verdant Earth,
The universe is ringing with the music of your mirth;
Yet wide as is your empire, and vast as is your plan,
Ye are but vassal servitors, that minister to Man;
'Tis true, in fierce rebellion, there are moments when ye rise,
And crush the weak defences he hath labored to devise;
Yet, past your burst of anger, again ye own his sway,
Ye come to him with tribute, ye hear him and obey,

He heweth down and rendeth the patriarchs of the
woods,
He fashions them to palaces, that bear him on the
floods;
Next the boundless realms of air must be subject to
his pride,
And lo! the startled eagle beholds him at his side.
On earth a mighty agent propels him with a speed,
That mocks the fleetest gallop of the desert-nurtured
steed;
Intelligence his sceptre, his weapon, and his shield,
Who shall limit the results, that his enterprise may
yield.
How glorious is *his* heritage, how loud should be *his*
praise,
When even things inanimate, a song of gladness raise;
The bounteous gifts of Providence for ever round
him shower,
For him the wild birds carol, and for him the burst-
ing flower,
From the jewelled arch of heaven, to the daisy-check-
ered sod,
Is one continued banquet for the master-piece of God.

J. B.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

HARDLY had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered.

* * * * *

He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and indignation. His dark-colored riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soiled and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side and pistols in his belt.

* * * * *

The matted and dishevelled locks of hair, which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorized intrusion.

Sir Walter Scott.—Bride of Lammermoor, ch. xxiii.

DICK MOON, THE PEDLAR;

OR,

THE YANKEE TRICK.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

He hath ribands of all colors i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle; though they came to him by the gross; inkles, caddices, cambrics, lawns: Why, he sings them over, as they were gods and goddesses; he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't. *Shakspeare.*

Well; if I be served another such trick, I'll have my brains ta'en and buttered, and given to a dog for a new-year's gift. *Idem.*

"SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," is a proposition of Master Shakspeare's, which may or not be illustrated in the course of the present narrative. Richard Moon—or rather Dick Moon—for he was always called Dick in Connecticut—was the fourth of the seven sons of Ezra Moon, Esq., of Pettypaug, a parish in the town of Saybrook, memorable for the gallant defence made by its inhabitants against the

British forces, during the late war. I am thus particular in the outset, and have introduced my hero to the reader thus early, in compliance with the recommendation of Doctor Watts, that in writing biography, every thing should be placed in the precise order in which it occurred. Dick Moon, then, as it has just been remarked, was the son of Ezra Moon, a very worthy and estimable man, a stanch supporter of Jefferson, and of course a warm and efficient friend of General Hart, of Saybrook, for whom he annually voted for governor, until the decease of that faithful, but always unsuccessful, candidate for the executive honors of Connecticut. Too wise, however, to meddle with politics to the detriment of his fortune, 'Squire Moon so well managed his temporal affairs, as not only to provide comfortably for his large family, but to add somewhat every year to the small patrimony inherited from his father. His sons, moreover, gave early evidence of activity, industry, and intelligence. But of all the number, Dick was the shrewdest in getting money, the most successful in its keeping, and the most fortunate in providing for its steady accumulation.

The craniological theories of Gall and Spurzheim had only been heard of from afar, when Dick Moon was in his childhood, and the bumps upon the heads of young and old, were in those days left unexamined, save when *arising* from an accident, or a quarrel; but had the world then been blessed with those scientific itinerants, who read character in the os frontis or the occiput, instead of the eyes, and judge of

propensities by feeling the head, instead of studying the heart, our hero's organ of *acquisitiveness* would doubtless have been declared very strongly developed. The acquisition of money was indeed a passion with him, and from the moment he began to understand its value, his principal study was how to obtain it—at first by solicitation, but as soon as he had been inducted into the mysteries of exchange, by traffic and barter. Indeed, had Richard Moon grown up with as little principle as Hugh Audley, so well did he understand the art of making money multiply itself, that he might have equalled that great Shylock of England, who flourished through the reigns of the first two of the Stuarts.

An anecdote will here at once illustrate his *penchant* for money even in his childhood, and his ingenuity in the pursuit of his object. At a very early age he had contracted the habit of asking every visiter at his father's house to give him a cent. The request being so moderate, was of course never denied when copper change was at hand, and Dick was careful to stow away every penny. His parents, being, as we have already seen, thrifty farmers, and "well to do in the world," as the practice continued, began to feel no small degree of mortification upon the subject—often remonstrating with their little son against his conduct, but to no purpose. Although he might promise reformation, yet on the appearance of the next visiter, he would be sure to watch for an opportunity to ask for another cent. His parents at length determined upon a decisive course of conduct

in the premises, and Dick was solemnly admonished, and threatened with positive and severe chastisement in the event of his repeating the offence. The appearance of the next visiter was a severe trial to the urchin. He was observed to be unusually exercised in his mind, and fidgetted about with great uneasiness. Once or twice he seemed almost upon the point of speaking out his accustomed request, when a stern glance from his father checked the words ere they had quite dropped from his tongue. But Yankee ingenuity is often an overmatch for any thing, and Dick at length triumphed. Edging up towards the stranger, cunningly attracting his attention by a significant leer, and at the same time casting a mingled look of archness and terror upon his father, in the legitimate dialect of "down east," he said, "I guess you don't know nobody who would be willing to lend me a cent, do you!" His victory was complete, for instead of a rebuke, a burst of laughter followed alike from the 'Squire, and those who had observed the workings of the mind of little Dick, and his evasion of the letter of the command.

Still, although so thoroughly intent upon money-gathering, it must be observed in justice to Dick, that he was not prompted thereunto by avarice, for there was nothing of meanness in his composition. It was never known, either in the days of his juvenility, or of his manhood, that he resorted to unfair or dishonorable means to gratify his favorite passion of "putting money in his purse;" but in the way of trade and barter, where both parties were supposed to

have their eyes open, he thought it not wrong to practice upon the maxim, that

> ——————— A thing
> Is worth as much as it will bring:

And never was son of Adam, young or old, more prolific in expedients to turn a penny with success. He was full of good humor, adroit in his little schemes of traffic and gain, and persuasive with his tongue—and hence a general favorite, not only among his own brothers and sisters, but in the neighborhood, and among his school-fellows,—for 'Squire Moon was careful to give his family the advantage of the best schools in Pettypaug. These characteristics, it may be thought, were not altogether in keeping with Dick's ardent pursuit of the root of evil; but it must be remarked, that at no period of his life did he ever exhibit a solitary token of the miser's disposition. On the contrary, he displayed a thousand generous traits and amiable qualities. Possessing always a fine flow of spirits, ready in repartee, and quick in his perceptions of the ludicrous—abounding in humorous anecdote, as he approached the age of manhood, he was always, boy and man, the life of the circle in which he chanced to mingle. But in all matters of trade, he was wide awake—keen as a briar. No sooner did he find that one of his brothers, or other comrades, had become possessed of a "ninepence lawful," or, perchance, a pistareen, but he set his wits at work to gain it; and he generally succeeded by offering some tempting article in barter,

and persuading them of the advantages they would derive from the purchase. The consequence was, that on the semi-annual returns of election holy-days, a " general training," and thanksgiving, when money was wanted by his brothers and others for the purchase of election-cake or ginger-bread, and to defray the expense of turkey-shootings, Dick, who was sure to hold " the deposites," was called upon to furnish the loans necessary for each occasion. This he was ever ready and prompt to do, but always exacting some sufficient pledge for security, and never failing to regain his own " with usury." Foremost in the amusements and jollifications incident to those festive days, moreover, it was nevertheless rare indeed that they were indulged at the expense of his own cash. Not that he escaped his share of the reckoning by stinginess—not he; but he had great readiness in devising tricks of legerdemain, and in acquiring hints for the performance of the simpler experiments of strolling jugglers. Trifling wagers upon his successful feats of dexterity, therefore, were always sufficient to pay his proportion; his associates were more than compensated by the exhibition of his powers, while the elderly buxom lasses were delighted with his skill, and the matrons of the parish pronounced him " eena-most a witch."

It would be useless to recount the almost countless devices to which Dick resorted for driving a profitable internal commerce among his playmates during his boyhood. Suffice it to say, that he was always ready for a trade—even to the swopping of his hat, or

exchanging pocket knives "unsight unseen," which was formerly a frequent mode of "dickering" among the lads at the country schools of Connecticut. Lucky dog that he was, he was ever sure to have the best of the bargain.

The invasion of Pettypaug by the British forces landed from the ships of Commodore Hardy, then lying off the estuary of the Connecticut river, during the last war, has been adverted to in rather a back-handed way in the opening of our story. It is needless to recapitulate the history of that memorable exploit. Suffice it to say, the people of that rather sequestered parish could hardly have anticipated a visit from the enemy, at least not until after the more attractive parish of Saybrook should have received the honor. But it so fell out that the rich booty of General Hart's large mercantile establishment was passed by unheeded; and early one morning, as the good people of Pettypaug were brushing the poppies from their eyes, and ere the sun-beams had chased away the saffron hues of Aurora, to their infinite surprise they discovered that a column of red-coats were enjoying their morning parade in the midst of their principal street! Of course the old ladies, with and without petticoats, were suitably frightened, while those who would willingly have made fight if they could, were precluded therefrom by the peculiar circumstances of the case, having been taken completely unawares, alike unarmed and undressed! For Dick Moon, however, ready and quickwitted in any emergency, it was a golden morning. As

if by instinct, and before the other villagers had recovered from their surprise, he struck up a trade with the strangers, and by exchanging whatever of butter and eggs, vegetables and poultry, he could lay his hands upon, for the king's money—for so that the metal was good, he cared not for the stamp—Dick amassed enough to supply a snug little exchequer. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and while the fleet of merchantmen which had been moored thus far up the river for safety, were blazing away as though Copenhagen Jackson were there himself, Dick Moon was laying the foundation of his future fortunes.

Money grew every day scarcer during the continuance of the war, and Dick was consequently enabled to make his own terms in occasional and not unfrequent loans of small sums to those in want—always receiving a pledge of more than ample value, as security for the repayment on a certain day. Most commonly the pledge was a watch, as being at once the most convenient, and the most readily converted into cash. It was amusing at times to see the number of silver chronometers hanging in his bedroom; and with him there was no "three days' grace." If the money did not come at the time stipulated, a rigid forfeiture of the pledge was exacted. But as he dealt explicitly and honorably with every one, and was withal remarkable for his conciliating manner, notwithstanding his exactness in claiming and receiving his own, he made no enemies by his scrupulous adherence to the exact rules of his bank; and having taken the

tide of fortune at its flood, he was drifted successfully onward.

The consequence was, that the close of the war found Dick Moon just one-and-twenty, with ready money sufficient wherewith to purchase a fine horse, and a substantial and capacious pedlar's cart, with tin ware, and other "notions," enough to fill it. Thus furnished and provided, without owing a cent in the world, our hero sallied forth, as thousands of this itinerant race of merchants had done before him. But it may readily be supposed, from the character we have sketched of him, that he was not of the common order of pedlars. Although possessing a full share of the characteristic shrewdness and humor of the tribe, he was, nevertheless, above practising the tricks which have won an unenviable fame for the order; and he dealt not in wooden clocks that became tired of ticking before sundown, or in tortoise shell combs made of glue and molasses, or in horn-gun-flints and artificial indigo. Setting his face toward the far south, he traversed the "ancient dominion," and the Carolinas, year after year, bringing back golden returns, and every where leaving a good character. To be sure, he sold at a profit, and was certain never to exchange commodities to a disadvantage. It was his business to do so; but he was guilty of none of the peculiar cunning and trickery imputed so universally to those of his calling; and was never afraid to traverse the same route a second time—a fact which could not be predicated of most pedlars. Indeed, wherever known,

the presence of Dick Moon was always welcome, since he was not only a man of intelligence, but of agreeable address, and "most excellent fancy"—full of good humor and native drollery, without the too frequent accompaniments of coarseness and vulgarity.

The hospitality of our southern fellow-citizens is proverbial. Good inns, in that country, are few and far between; and even indifferent ones are not very numerous. The broad domains of the opulent planters, moreover, necessarily throw their mansions a goodly distance asunder. Of society, beyond their own immediate family circles, they see but comparatively little, save when they go abroad in quest of it. The consequence is, that they are frequently as much favored by the company of an intelligent stranger-guest, as the latter is by an unexpected invitation, and a cordial reception. This explanation prepares the way for the relation of another important incident in the life of our hero. It happened on one occasion, that Dick found himself chaffering in the way of trade with the mistress of a large but isolated mansion, in the lower part of Virginia, at a rather late hour in the evening. The lady disputed his prices, and examined so many of his wares and other notions, as ladies are wont to do, that the shades of night were drawing on before he was ready to resume his journey. Added to which, a massy pile of dark clouds in the west threatened a tempest. Under these circumstances, and in consideration, moreover, of the pedlar's intelligence and agreeable address, he was invited to remain for the night. When the lord of the mansion came in, on being

made acquainted with the circumstance, he was evidently not altogether pleased with the arrangement. He was a republican who at the hustings could talk eloquently of liberty and equality, while at home more than a hundred slaves trembled at his presence. He was proud of his caste, and thought that nothing was equal to old Virginia, because, at that time, he had never travelled beyond it. The Yankees, of all men, he had been taught to despise as a miserly race, who never wept but when weeding their onions, nor blushed, but when plating their tin—and the Yankee pedlars were the objects of his particular abhorrence. And yet there were many excellent points in the character of Major Dinwiddie. Among his equals there were few possessing greater intelligence, or more amiable and generous qualities than he, unless his judgment had been warped, or his feelings wrought upon by prejudice. But, on the whole, it needed not half the penetration possessed by the pedlar, to discern that he was not altogether as welcome a guest as probably would have been one of the Gholsons or the Randolphs. Not many words had been interchanged, before the planter indicated still more intelligibly his half-dissatisfied humor, by asking abruptly—

"Well, brother Jonathan, I reckon you've brought along a power of notions to please the Virginians, eh! What have you?"

"Pretty much every thing, I guess; tin-ware, pins and pepper, drums, needles and shuttle-cocks, fiddles, dolls, warming-pans, mouse-traps, and other sweet-meats—"

——"Together with a heap of wooden nutmegs, I reckon—how do they sell?"

"Why, sax-a-fax* sell pretty lively yet, but white oak don't go very well of late."

The planter was by no means insensible to the ludicrous; and the promptness of the pedlar's replies, the peculiar cast of gravity with which they were uttered, and their oddity withal, soon dissipated the prejudice which had chilled his welcome, and placed Dick Moon at once upon a different footing for the evening. Major Dinwiddie discovered that he was entertaining a very clever fellow, albeit a pedlar; and after sipping a cheerful julep together, the Virginian sunk the aristocrat, and conversed as freely of his tobacco crop, his negroes, his horses, and his hounds, as though talking with one of the Drom gooles or Merriwethers of his own county. He made many inquiries of the pedlar respecting matters and things in Yankee land, and in the course of the evening was very inquisitive on the subject of the "Yankee tricks," of which he had heard so much. The pedlar, on his part, sustained the conversation very creditably, for himself, his country, and his calling.

In regard to the peculiar "tricks," for the practice of which his countrymen were enjoying such unenviable notoriety at the South, he disclaimed, and truly, any practical knowledge of them himself, while engaged in his itinerating commercial intercourse with the plantation states, nor did he acknowledge them to be exclusively characteristic of the Yankees. There

* The provincial pronunc.ation of *Sassafras.*

were tricks in all trades and occupations, and tricky men in all countries. The adroitness with which they were practised, would of course depend upon the shrewdness of the artist—not upon his parentage, or the place of his birth; and he was greatly mistaken if Virginia horse jockeys could not be found equalling any wooden clock vender that ever came from Connecticut. But the planter was incredulous. He had heard so much of the tricks of the Yankee pedlars, that he could not divest himself of the idea that the study of the art was a part of their profession. Hence he supposed them to be a sort of roving brotherhood—bound by a mystic tie like the freemasons—with the art of working tricks by a process known only to their own hopeful fraternity,—and so curious was he to behold a legitimate Yankee trick, that he begged of his guest to work one for his own special gratification. Our hero had no desire to gain notoriety in that way, and he repeatedly begged to be excused, modestly alleging his inability to perform any such exploit, either of dexterity, or of wit. Importunity, however, at length prevailed over resolution; and as the family separated for the night, Dick promised to show the Major a trick before he took his departure in the morning.

An ebony damsel, lustrous from very blackness, lighted Dick to his chamber, and pointed him to a high bed, into which, when he threw himself, he sunk as into a sea of down, so light and lively were the feathers. The sheets were sweet and clean, and over all was spread a superb Marseilles counterpane,

beautifully wrought in delicate figures, as if the needle-work of some fairy fingers, and rivalling the driven snow in whiteness.

The pedlar awoke with the lark from a glorious slumber, and was dressed before a single inmate of the mansion was on the move. Having completed his toilet, in regard to which he was always somewhat more attentive than is usual with his profession, he took the counterpane from the bed, folded it carefully as though just taken from a bale of merchandise, attached a commercial mark to the fringe, and carried it out in the gray of the morning, before any of the family had risen, and placed it in his cart. The wants of his faithful horse were next consulted, and after measuring to him an ample supply of provender, he regained his apartment, yet unperceived, and in due season presented himself below with the family,

In the country, where time is employed according to the design of the Creator — where the night is taken for repose, as the day was ordained for labor — and where it is thought no mark of disrespect to rise before the sun, — breakfast is truly a morning meal. Accordingly, it was found smoking upon the table, as the pedlar descended into the parlor, where, in a moment afterward, he was joined by the hospitable major and his lady. Of course the morning repast, inviting and bountiful to an excess, according to southern custom, was not to be declined, and Dick gave practical testimony that he was not afflicted by the dyspepsia.

In due season, and without unnecessary delay, the pedlar's horse was in harness, and he was just

preparing to ascend his box to depart, when, as though suddenly recollecting himself, he called to the lady, and informed her that he had in his box one article, and only one, which he was exceedingly desirous she should possess. It was a splendid Marseilles counterpane, wrought exactly after a pattern which had been drawn for the Duchess of Berri, and in consideration of the kindness with which he had been entertained, she *must* have it. He thereupon brought it forth from his cart, and opened it to the admiration of the whole family. It was so fine, so beautiful, so much handsomer than any thing of the kind they had ever seen, that the vote was unanimous that it must be purchased. And then, it was *so* cheap—only forty dollars! "My dear," said Mrs. Dinwiddie to the Major—"How lucky! It is just the thing that I was wanting for the blue chamber, against Mr. Calhoun comes along on his way to congress!" And so the counterpane was purchased. The pedlar pocketted the money, bade them good morning, and mounted his cart.

"But stay a moment, Mr. Moon," called the Major, as the pedlar began to raise his whip for a flourish: "Where is the Yankee trick you promised to show me before your departure?"

"Never mind," replied Dick, "you will find it out soon enough!" and with a crack of his whip, he drove off at a rapid gait—more after the pattern of Jehu, than he had ever driven before.

The *denouement* followed in due season, as a matter of course; but the pedlar was far away, and there

was no remedy. And besides, to a man of Major Dinwiddie's pretensions and pride, having been caught in a trap of his own setting, the less said about it in public the better. The story was too good, however, long to be kept; and it may well be supposed that the merriment created at his expense, was not calculated to increase his affection for the venders of tin-ware from Connecticut.

Years rolled on, and the wheels of Dick Moon's cart meantime rolled over almost every state in the Union — each revolution adding to his temporal stores, and of course increasing his investments; for our hero was not the man to leave either, at loose ends, or idle. And here, though not without great reluctance, his biographer must take leave of him for the present.

* * * *

It was just at night-fall, one day, in the autumn of 1832 — the fatal year in which the scourge of India, the cholera, made its appearance, and swept with fearful mortality through the land, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to the Delta of the Mississippi — that a well mounted gentleman, somewhat fatigued, however, and having the appearance of one upon a long journey, rode up to an indifferent looking inn, about midway between the parishes of East and West Feliciana, in the neighborhood of Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi. This is by far the pleasantest district of Louisiana. Having traversed alone, and on horseback, from New-Orleans, a distance of nearly two

hundred miles, over a dead level, diversified only between the plantations by pine woods and swamps, alluvions and quaking prairies, it was an agreeable change for the traveller, to find himself in a country breaking into hills and valleys, the former covered with laurel, and the latter with rich plantations. The foliage of the trees was assuming those rich and varied hues, which impart so much beauty to the autumnal drapery of the American forests, and the stranger had moreover refreshed himself repeatedly in the course of the afternoon, by plucking and eating of the rich fox and muscadine grapes, that hung in ripe and luscious clusters, descending, at times, almost over his head—and too inviting in appearance and taste to be resisted.

The landlord, with rubicund visage, more strongly illuminated, probably, by the beams now glancing horizontally upon his shining nose from the setting sun, stood in the portal of his somewhat dilapidated tenement—a chateau, as it had been called in its better days, when owned and occupied by a relation of the Marquis Maison Rouge.

"*Stran*-ger," said the traveller to the publican "can I get to stay with you to-night?"

"Well, I reckon," was the affirmative reply. in the Red River dialect. Whereupon the horseman dismounted, and the proper directions were given to the sable ostler.

"Cæsar, hang the *Stran*-ger's horse finent the spring, and when he gets cool, wash him and rub him down, and give him a smart chance of roughness.

Hack, now, and draw a bee-line quick: and, here, Jube, tote in the *stran*-ger's plunder: — Come, patter along."

While these arrangements were making, some little conversation ensued between the publican and guest.

"From the up-country, I reckon?" inquired the former.

"From Old Virginia."

"Smart sprinkle of niggers there yet? though a power of them has been brought to Orleans, and up to Bayou-Sarah, within a few years past. This sugar-making does the business for a heap of 'em every year. The cholera cuts 'em off this fall most bandaciously. Mr. L'Amoreaux, at the last plantation back, which you passed, has had a touch, and is powerful weak yet."

The traveller, who was rather less sociable than the publican, and who was, in fact, making an overland journey homeward from New-Orleans, whither he had been to dispose of forty or fifty of his slaves, uttered some indifferent reply, and was turning to enter the house, when he discovered the cart of a New England pedlar, standing under a shed a short distance from the door.

"This universal Yankee nation!" he exclaimed, "you find them every where. I reckon they would go to Tophet to sell a pistareen's worth of mammoth pumpkin seeds, if they could clear four-pence by it. I say, landlord, I think you should keep a quick eye upon the sharpers who ride upon carts like that. No honest man is safe against their tricks, and for a keen shave I reckon old Brimstone himself could'nt beat

them. Indeed, I believe he's in partnership with most of 'em."

"Never mind me for that," replied the landlord. "I never seed a Yankee yet, from Mike Fink, the boatman—and he was a rip-roarer, you know,—down to the slickest pedlar that ever found his way to Baton Rouge, who was up to Bill Mackintosh—and that's my name, *Stran*-ger, to your sarvice."

"So I should think: But what sort of a man has carted himself hither upon that box?"

"I don't mind that I ever seed him afore; but he is a likely looking chap, and his horse swings a fine tail. He's gone over the hill to find an old neighbor of his, by the name of Dudley, who toted himself into these parts about fifteen years ago, and has made himself richer without any niggers, than any of the rest of us who have fifty on 'em. I don't reckon that Dudley will now let on that he ever know'd the pedlar."

"Well, I advise you to keep a look out for him, that's all. These Yankee tricks—"

"Oh, never fear: Should he play any of his tricks upon Bill Mackintosh—you see that are rifle?—he'd soon find himself obsquattulated, and a streak of daylight shining through him."

The stranger had entered the house before the last words were spoken, and Boniface turned to swear at his negroes for not stirring more briskly in closing up their chores.

In the course of the night, the proprietor of the New England vehicle which had occasioned a portion

of the preceding colloquy, was aroused from his bed by a terrible commotion in the chateau. The landlord was swearing at the poor servants, whose negro gibberish fell upon the pedlar's ear, mingled with groans, as of a person in a situation of severe suffering.

"Out, out with him!" gruffly exclaimed the landlord. "I keep a tavern, and not a cholera hospital."

"But oh, Massa, de gemman so sick! He can't move 'um—he die for sartin! Me nebber see white man look so brack and brue."

"Take him out to the shed, you cantankerous black rascals!" roared Boniface.

"I wish-ee Massa den be sick heself—turn out poor ting in sich-ee debble of a passhun. Poor nigger more compasshuns den dat," soliloquized the humane African, in an under tone;—whereupon the trembling bevy of slaves set about executing the brutal order.

The pedlar had been an auditor, though not a spectator, of the scene, and being a humane man, he threw on his clothes as quickly as possible, and hastened to the relief of the sick gentleman, whose case, from the language he had heard, and the circumstance that the cholera was at that time raging in the Valley of the Mississippi, he already understood. To see a fellow being thus inhumanly cast out of the house, a stranger, perhaps, far from home and kindred, to die with the brutes, was shocking to his feelings, and it was his purpose, at all hazards, to prevent the execution of the savage mandate he had

heard. But ere he was able to join the sable group who had the sick man in charge, they had crossed the street, and were already entering the shed, an apartment of which was in truth almost as comfortable as the ruinous chateau.

"And is this the fashion after which you treat christian men in these parts?" exclaimed the pedlar. "Where's the landlord?" he demanded. "By the hokey!" he continued—"If I could get hold of him just at this moment, I'd knock him into a cock'd hat in a jiffey."

"Oh, Massa awful man," replied one of the snowballs. "He mak'ee smell brim-stone he hear'ee!"

"He may be an airthquake," replied the pedlar, "for what I care, but he'll never shake me, I guess."

Boniface, however, fearful of the pestilence, had slunk away, and was already mixing camphor with his nocturnal julep, as a preventive to the disease he was inviting by the potation.

The pedlar had amply provided himself for any emergency of the kind, by purchasing and studying Reese's Treatise upon Cholera, and laying in a small store of suitable medicines, under the direction of a physician in Philadelphia, before he commenced his present journey. He therefore ordered lights, and proceeded to examine the sick man — whom, by the way, he recognized as having seen somewhere before. There was no mistake, however, as to the character of the disease. The stranger had probably contracted the oriental malady several days previous, and the wild grapes which he had been so plentifully eating

the day before, had brought it upon him with tremendous severity. Indeed, its progress had been so rapid, that his countenance was already assuming that livid mahogany color, which indicates the near approach of the blue stage. His tongue was becoming cold, and his skin began to corrugate. No time was to be lost. Following the direction of the author already mentioned, he breathed a vein with his pen-knife, and after a copious bleeding, gave him a full dose of calomel, of which he had several provided. The negroes were all activity and attention. Mustard poultices were applied to his body, and as he continually begged for water, one of the negroes was dispatched to the ice-house of Mr. Dudley, whence he was speedily forth-coming with a good supply. Before it was time for the calomel to take effect, the patient had sunk into that perfect state of composure which indicates an approaching collapse. The pedlar, however, who had witnessed the treatment of several cases in the New-York hospitals, did not despair, although he watched him for some hours with trembling apprehension—not leaving the bed of straw on which he had been placed for a moment. Feeding him plentifully with ice, and renewing the mustard applications as occasion required, before noon of the following day, the pedlar had the satisfaction to find all things working well. A few hours more, and the change was so manifest as to afford strong confidence of a recovery. It is one of the peculiarities of this dreadful scourge, that restoration is frequently as rapid as the progress of the disease. On the second day,

therefore, the pedlar saw his patient so far restored to health, as to feel safe in leaving him. With a thousand thanks for his kindness and humanity, and the offer of a liberal compensation in money, which he rejected, the pedlar took his departure—slipping into the hands of one of the negroes a note, to be delivered to the sick gentleman, after he was gone, of which the following is a copy:—

"*Regions of Inhumanity, Nov.* 25, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I calculate you are now safe to do, I have concluded to start this afternoon, and get quit of this pesky place as soon as possible—especially as I am obleeged to be in Orleans next week, before the brig Snap-Dragon sails for Vera Cruz. You have had a pretty tight squeeze on't, or I'm mistaken. Your face was about as thin as a hatchet when old Hardscrabble turned you out-of-doors, and if it hadn't been for the Yankee pedlar, I think you'd have twisted yourself into a corkscrew in an hour more. I make no merit of what I have done, and I only hope that hereafter you'll believe that all Yankees are not so unfeeling that they cannot weep except when they are cutting up onions; and as I have scorned to receive your money, I guess you may also admit that it's not every pedlar who is so greedy for gain, as to skin flints and shad-scales to get it. The niggers have all done what they could for you, and if you can give them a few notions, without letting the old alligator in the house know it, I calculate it won't

come amiss. Enclosed I leave you a dose or two of marcury, and Doctor Reese's receipt, which, if you have a relapse, you can swallow for yourself—not the receipt, I don't mean, but the calomel. But mind you don't eat any more grapes, or drink any juleps, until the cholera's gone. Enclosed I also send you a forty dollar note of 'Squire Biddle's bank—which, for your use, I guess is pretty considerably better than specie—being the amount which you paid me fifteen years ago for Mrs. Dinwiddie's counterpane. If you'll look close, I guess you'll find the bill is an old acquaintance. It's the same I took on you, whether or no. Howsomever you have forgotten me, though I expect you don't forget to remember the "Yankee trick." I had tho'ts of putting in the interest; but as it was a trick of your own axing, I conclude you may lose that much, for knowing more than you did before. But I must be stirring.

"Your obedient,

"RICHARD MOON.

"To Maj. Dinwiddie, of Virginia.

"P. S. I hope you'll not forget to remember to present my best compliments to Mrs. Dinwiddie and tell her she must not lay that matter up agin me I expect I saw your son on parade at West Pint in September—his mother all over. His eyes are as bright as a button, and he walks as trim and straight as a corn-stalk."

From the date of this letter, until a few weeks since, the biographer has had no direct intelligence from Dick Moon, excepting a vague rumor that soon after reaching New-Orleans, he had drawn for all his spare funds in the hands of Prime, Ward & King, and had invested them in a mining company in Mexico. His friends in Saybrook and Pettypaug, and even the knowing ones in Wall-street, shook their heads upon this intelligence, as much as to say, "it's a long road that never turns, and Dick has doubtless missed a figure at last." But taking up a Mexican paper in August last, what was the delight of the biographer as he glanced his eye upon the following paragraph:—

De la Catarata de la Libertad Mejicana,
Junio 30, 1835.

Tenemos el placer de anunciar que el Condúcta que dejò esta Capital para Vera Cruz, el 26 de Mayo, llegò sin novedad a Xalapa el 16 del corriente. Se acordarán que entre la propriedad encargada á este condúcta fué un cantidad grande de Carras de plata perteneciente al Señor Don RICARDO DE LA LUNA, de una de las mas ricas minas de Guanajuato, de las cuales dos años hace vino a ser proprietario principal aquel caballero. Ha inventado una maquina asombrosa para trabajar la mina, que promete de por cierto ser de mucho valor para toda clase de minas de esta republica renaciente. Cuando estuvo en esta capital el Señor R. LUNA estaba tan contento con la hermosura de su situacion, la salud del clima, y las

encantadoras vistas, en medio de las cuales se encuentra la ciudad de Montezuma, que comprò la deliciosa mansion—antiguamente la propiedad del alcalde real—como nuestros lectores saben, de porfiro y de amygdaloide, situada en la parte occidental de la alameda directamente fronteriza a la fuente.

FREE TRANSLATION.

"*From the Cataract of Mexican Liberty, June* 30, 1835.

"We have the pleasure of announcing that the conducta which left this capital for Vera Cruz, on the 26th of May, arrived at Xalapa without accident, on the 16th of the present month. It will be remembered that among the merchandise entrusted to this conducta, was a large quantity of silver bullion, belonging to RICHARD MOON, Esq., from one of the richest mines of Guanajuato, of which two years ago that gentleman became the principal proprietor. He has invented an ingenious machine for working the mine, which promises to be of great value in the mining operations of this rising republic. When Mr. Moon was in this capital, he was so much pleased with the beauty of its situation, the healthiness of the climate, and the glorious scenery, in the midst of which stands the city of Montezuma, that he purchased the delightful mansion, formerly the property of the royal Alcalde, constructed, as our readers may well know, of porphyry and amygdaloid, situated on the western side of the Alameda, directly fronting the fountain."

GREEN'S POND.

I BLESS thee, native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear
'Tis like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear,
As murmuring up the sand
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray,
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of morning play.
The whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallowed here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around.
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Oh, oft my heart hath yearned
For thy sweet shades, and vales of sunny rest!
Even as the swan returned,
Stoops to repose upon thine azure breast,
I greet each welcome spot,
Forsaken long — but ne'er, ah! ne'er forgot

Twas here that memory grew —
Twas here that childhood's hopes and cares were
Its early freshness too —
Ere droops the soul, of its best joys bereft.
Where are they? — o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still!
Thou art unchanged — as bright the sunbeams play;
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatched away:
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed things so late resigned to thee!

Give back — oh smiling deep!
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth,
That in thy bosom sleep —
Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore!

Where have they vanished all?
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh —

Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my pining spirit's prayer!

Home of sweet thoughts—farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,
A deep and hallowed spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me!
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves!

PRESENTIMENT.

A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY A. D. PATERSON, ESQ.

'I feel the touch of a brother's hand near my heart, and it does me good." *Joanna Baillie.*

WHOEVER would see the great vivifier of nature appear, under his most gorgeous circumstances, and surrounded by the most splendid expanse, should be sailing on the Mediterranean; and should rise betimes, if he would indeed behold the whole magnificent scene. The young morning peeps forth, modestly clad in sober gray, but as he advances he rapidly changes his hues, each being richer and brighter than that which preceded it, and seeming, as he increases in importance, to be the harbinger of the glorious orb which is to shed so wondrous and universal an influence over the face of creation. Gradually the rapt beholder becomes entranced with the view of still accumulating beauties, until at length the sun himself emerges from his ocean-bed, in one unclouded flood of light and splendor while in his train come smiles and

beauty, sweetness and plenty. The soul of the beholder seems exalted above itself, and he rises from admiration of the scene to adoration of its great Creator. The shores of the Mediterranean have an aspect peculiar to themselves, produced in a great measure by the quality of the atmosphere in that region; the eminences there have a finer gray, the valleys a deeper purple, in their tinge; while the light and elegant vessels, propelled by sails adapted to those waters, seem to glide fairy-like from point to point, or make excursions over the broad and smooth sea, as if they were natives of the element and "instinct with life."

It is admirable to perceive with what sagacity as well as readiness man accommodates circumstances to his necessity or convenience; in marine inventions this is perhaps more remarkable than in most others. The peculiarities of the climate, of the sea, and even the indentations of the shores, render it proper to adapt certain modes of propelling, as well as of keeping securely, vessels under sail, which would suit no other region. Hence the seaman, who has always his full share of national vanity at his heart, can look with complacency and delight upon the building and rigging so different from those of his own country, for his practised eye informs him that there is no comparison to be instituted. The American mariner in particular, feels no diminution of pleasure in remembering the beautiful cutters which skim along the waters in the bay of New-York, or in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, no humiliating sensation as he casts

back the glance of his mind, upon some *Baltimore clipper*, which on the broad Atlantic could

"Walk the waters like a thing of life;"

but sees, in the light felucca which swiftly glides across the bays, being urged by skilful oarsmen,—in the *lateen* sail of the market-coaster, which elegantly bends to the breeze and rises in rebound—in the xebec and polacre with rigging so constructed as to catch the lofty airs, yet so manageable as to be taken in with the swiftness of thought—all being adaptations to light airs and sudden squalls, to which the Mediterranean is peculiarly obnoxious.

The scenery and the objects which we have described, derive additional beauty from the opening hues of a summer morning, from about an hour *before* sunrise till an hour *after* it. Visions of gladness and of splendor are before us, and holy thoughts are awakened within us; we seem to rejoice in our existence, and are ready to bless the Almighty hand which has created so much of beauty, and given so much of good.

It was on such a morning, and at such an hour, that an American vessel was seen with her head to the westward, nearly midway between the Algerine and Spanish coasts, but inclining rather to the shores of Africa. She was homeward bound from Genoa to New-York, her name the *Clinton*, so called from that of a public-spirited and able governor of that state; her burthen about 350 tons, her condition and appearance of a very superior order, and her force sufficiently

effective to protect her against the ordinary marauders from the Barbary shores. The commander of the Clinton was a powerful looking man, of the middle age, with a complexion which appeared to be the result of much hardship, and an intimate acquaintance with climate in all its varieties. Like the generality of the American commanders, he possessed a degree of intelligence and refinement superior to those of his rank and profession in the old world. This, which was the result of a plain but solid education, had kept his mind clear of many an absurdity in opinion, and many a credulity for which the sons of the ocean have, time out of mind, been remarkable. One peculiarity of feeling was however his; but how it had found place in his bosom it would be difficult to trace. This was a belief in *presentiment.* It had developed itself in him while a child, and years had only served to strengthen his faith. Strange to say—the belief had never been confirmed by practical effects, but on the contrary he adhered to it against all experience; sometimes receiving from it the consolations of hope, at others experiencing the bitter pangs of disappointment. Still, however, he clung to it; and at the moment in which our story opens, this powerful feeling was exerting an influence over him greater than usual.

It was a little before four o'clock that Captain Thayer ascended the *companion ladder,* and having looked first aloft and then in the binnacle, he put his glass to his eye, and rapidly but carefully swept the horizon to the southward. After he had repeated

this examination two or three times, he threw the glass across his arm, and continued leaning, as in thought, against the larboard gangway. From this reverie he was shortly disturbed by the deep voice of the first mate, whose watch it was upon deck, calling out to the helmsman "Port, sir, port, do you want to run the African coast aboard?"

Captain Thayer immediately stepped back to the binnacle again, and looked at the compass; then, turning to the mate, he said, "I should like just to make the land on the south shore; let them square away the yards a little, and keep her head about S. S. W."

"I guess we are not far from the land now, sir," replied the mate, "and if we should let the wind die away upon us, the current may drive us farther in than you would wish; and those cut-throat Algerines would make a fine haul of us, if it came to boarding."

The captain was leaning upon the carriage of a gun, as the mate made his remark, and as he patted the breech with his hand he smiled and replied, "No fear, Simson, we are no prize for a corsair; but to confess a truth, I am anxious to get in with the land; I have continually a *presentiment* concerning it, which weighs upon me beyond endurance."

"Of that," replied the mate "I am not ignorant This you may remember is my third year with you up the Straits; and I recollect that in all the former voyages you hauled in for the south side hereabouts I was not then in a condition to ask your reasons for keeping a course which is not generally considered

safest; but now that I am placed in my present situation, perhaps you may feel inclined to inform me."

"It is, perhaps, too ridiculous to be confessed," said the former, "yet I cannot shake it off; nor would I wish to be without the hope to which it gives birth. It is true, as you say, that I am following a navigation neither usual nor approved in this part of our voyage;—what is more, I have steadily done the same thing during eight voyages before the present one; still more, I have confined myself to this trade, notwithstanding my capital, my connexions, and my experience, would enable me to come to permanent moorings ashore, much sooner than the line we are in could possibly do.—But it is all in vain," he added after a pause, "here I return again and again; my hopes constantly defeated, but never discouraged. I dwell on the cause of my anxiety continually. I satisfy myself that my pursuit is like chasing the Flying Dutchman, yet still with dogged perseverance I return, in the forlorn hope that my constancy may be at length successful."

Simson was a plain honest seaman, who did not understand the secret workings in his commander's heart. He could perceive the more obvious results of any particular kind of conduct, and could judge with tolerable accuracy of the probabilities in the train of human events; but his *presentiments* went no farther, and he could not help considering this feeling in Captain Thayer as one of the weaknesses to which human nature is prone, and from which no man is entirely free. He was, however, strongly attached to

Thayer, under whom he had sailed during the last three years, and who had gradually brought him forward, from before the mast to the station of first mate of the Clinton. When, therefore, he heard the order repeated, he obeyed with alacrity.

"Forward there! round in the larboard after braces, and then come aft and square the head yards. Cooper, starboard your helm; let her fall off to S. S. W., and keep her there."

This was done, the watch was changed, but Captain Thayer remained walking the deck with apparent inquietude, frequently applying the glass to his eye, and always directing it to the southern shores.

The mate could not avoid perceiving that his commander was, that morning, more than usually moved; he therefore resolved not to retire to rest. So slipping below to perform his ablutions, and making some change in his dress after the night watch, he began to move about the ship, regulating various little matters, and giving sundry orders. It was some time ere Captain Thayer perceived him to be still on deck, so much was he absorbed in his own contemplations; but at length he cried, "how now, Simson, don't you turn in this watch?"

"No, sir," replied the mate, "I don't feel inclined to sleep, and would rather be on deck to catch the land-fall."

"Ah, you are groaning in spirit like the timbers of an old ship in a head sea. You are thinking of corsairs, and underwriters,—and home—and probably love, Simson. Well, you need not look so like a

lubber, man; there is nothing in those things that a brave man need be ashamed to own."

"Captain Thayer," replied the other, "I care as little about self as any man that ever trod a plank; but I *do* care much for *you;* ('thank'ee, Simson, I am well aware of that;') and you will excuse me if I remind you that in the event of loss or damage, you will have to account for running out of your course, and towards manifest difficulties. Underwriters are hard men in these cases, and if——"

"Pooh, man," said Thayer, with an air of conscious security and triumph, "the Clinton is no game for the corsair;—and if she were,—she is half my own, and the other half I could pay.—And I see," he added eagerly, "there is the land, yonder is Cape Tenis on the larboard bow." His glass was elevated, and again he carefully swept the southern horizon with attentive eye.

The mate touched his elbow as he stood absorbed in his investigation, and said, "excuse me, Captain Thayer, you have settled the affair of the ship and cargo, but you have not calculated the loss of liberty to the people, nor the difficulty of procuring your own liberty, if we should be taken. Nay, sir," he added, seeing the flush of anger rising, and observing the hasty sparkle in the captain's eye, "be not offended, but it is well known that ships as well provided against attack as this is, have fallen into the hands of superior numbers ere now, and once under the power of the infidels, our fate may remain for years unknown; so that ——"

"True, true," exclaimed Thayer hastily, as if stung by a sudden recollection; "brace up the yards, men;—luff, luff, bring her to the wind." He paused a moment, and then added, "and yet I have at this moment a *presentiment* too strong to be resisted, that it will come to pass this morning. I must try it a little longer. Simson, put her about, and *lay her to* on the other tack, she will thus forge ahead, off shore, and I will keep her so but one hour longer.

Again his watch upon the African shore became intensely fixed. In the mean time the sun had risen, and the warmth of his beams was already beginning to diffuse a languor over the frames of the mariners, when suddenly the captain called out "mast-head there! Do you see any thing on the starboard quarter?"

The man who was stationed there replied, after a pause, that a small boat was apparently pulling out from the land. The captain waited to hear no more, but gave the command "ready about." The manœuvre was quickly performed, once more the ship was going large on the other tack, and was standing in the direction of the distant object.

"Get the boats out," said Captain Thayer, "and tow them astern; we may want them by and bye.—"What all, sir?" returned the mate. "Yes, long boat and all. Get the tackles up, and hoist her out as quickly as possible. Boy, bring the small arms from below, and lay them beside the companion." "I'll have all ready, at least," said he. "Oh, if it should indeed be true!" The hope seemed to produce an

ecstasy of feeling over him, and he passed from side to side, urging dispatch, and every moment taking a glance at the object of his pursuit.

As Captain Thayer hastily pased the deck, he muttered in agitated tones, "will it indeed come to pass at length?—Are my hopes to be realized after the long suspense which I have endured? But I am a fool!" he cried in the next moment, "the chances are a million to one against me. Why am I so continually tormented with hopes which have no foundation in probability?—If I should be disappointed this time," said he, with an air of resolution, "I will abandon such fallacious expectations for ever, and strive to make up my mind to the loss.—But if it *should* turn out to my wish!" he exclaimed, and his eyes sparkled with delight, while his weather-beaten countenance displayed a rapture almost incompatible with its ordinary rugged expression;—he said no more, but with his glass he steadily searched the distant boat.

"A large row-galley is in the wake of the small boat," exclaimed the look-out at the mast-head; "he seems to gain on the chase."

The Captain went aloft himself; he soon assured himself that the first boat contained one or more fugitives, and that the latter was in pursuit. It was also probable that the galley would be up with the chase before the ship could interfere. He hastily descended to the deck; all equanimity seemed to have forsaken him; with a hoarse and agitated voice he gave orders to get out studding-sails and make all sail

in the direction of the strange objects. "I'll run him down, the heathen dog," he exclaimed bitterly, and unconscious of hearers, "if a hundred men were in his charge."

Some of the seaman were startled at his vehemence, but obedience at sea is almost an instinct; the mate, however, again advanced and remonstrated. "Capt. Thayer," said he, "let me beg of you to beware what you do; a hasty and fatal proceeding may make this a national affair, depriving you at once of honor, happiness, and property."

"My brother — my brother!" exclaimed Thayer, with uncontrollable emotion, "my very soul informs me that my brother is endeavoring to escape in the small boat. Oh God," said he, in deep and heart-searching tones, "if my expectations are defeated now, I shall never live to see my native shore. — Ply the men, Simson, my good fellow, for I have neither sense nor observation but for the chase."

Accordingly, every stitch of canvass was put upon the vessel, but the airs were light, and in the meantime the sweeps of the galley were bringing her rapidly up with the small boat. It was evident that the latter could not escape them.

"Load the larboard forecastle gun with canister, and run her out of the bow port," said the captain. It was done. The two boats neared. The captain ran forward, trained the gun under his own eye, seized the match, — and just as the two boats were on the verge of touching, he lodged the contents of the

charge into the larger. The galley contained at least forty men, and the spread of the canister shot did great execution among them. In the next instant the captain's glass was again applied to his eye, and hardly had he levelled it, ere he shouted with a voice of thunder, "it is he, it is he! Put arms in the boats and man them. My brother, my own brother! — I knew it, I was sure of it! — in, men, in; I will go in the cutter myself."

The men seemed to enter at once into his feelings, and the boats were manned with an incredible alacrity. As he was getting over the side, he turned to the mate and said, "Simson, keep your eye on that heathen dog, but do not fire unless you are sure our own men are secure from the spread. If he attempt to escape, — *with my brother on board*, pour it into him. God will protect his own. If he offers resistance after we have rescued his prey, *run him down, sir*."

The most discordant passions seemed to have possession of his breast as he uttered these words; the most unbounded fraternal affection, and the excessive desire of revenge, swayed his soul. He went into the boat, and the force rowed with all speed towards the Algerine.

It may be necessary here to inquire as to the cause of this uncommon emotion on the part of the worthy commander, and explain the nature of that brotherly affection which was now manifested in so exquisite a degree. To do this properly, some account of the brothers, in the earlier period of their lives, will

furnish the elucidation, and the account may with most convenience be given here, while the expedition is advancing upon its purpose.

Robert Thayer was the son of a respectable agriculturist, who cultivated a large farm of his own clearing, in the vicinity of Pine Plains, near the borders of the mighty Hudson. The father was an honest and well-meaning man, but weak of purpose, and subject to the prejudices and opinions of his contemporaries in general, who were at that period but very imperfectly educated; the mother, however, made large amends for the infirmities and insufficiency of her husband's domestic management. She was a strong-minded prudent woman, of genuine piety, rigid morality, and great firmness. It was the anxious care of this good parent to extract the weeds of error from the soil of her son's understanding, before it should take too deep root, yet so prudently was this performed, as to leave no trace of disrespect for her husband's peculiarities in the eyes of her offspring. There was one weakness, nevertheless, which the credulous but kind father indelibly fixed upon the mind of young Robert. It was a principle in which he himself had implicit belief, and to confirm which, he was in the habit of twisting and distorting every circumstance that crossed the line of his creed. It was *presentiment;* and occasions on which that feeling was presented to his mind, being sometimes the harbingers of subsequent facts, were the never-ceasing themes of the father's discourse. It fastened upon the sanguine heart of the boy, and no lessons of

his mother, not even the frequent failures in expectation, could remove the impression. We find it operating in full vigor, both in manhood, and in advancing age.

What might have been the results of perseverance in that exemplary mother can be only conjectured. Robert had the misfortune to lose her when he was only nine years of age. Not indeed before a good foundation was laid, and good seed was sown, but before it could spring up, or entirely resist the weeds which too readily choke it. The boy was sent to school, where the influence of early habits, and a tender remembrance of his mother's lessons, did more for him, than could the preceptor with all his lore; yet that was much, for

> "'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
> And still *folks* gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all he knew."

Hitherto, with the exception of the loss of his mother, which he had been too young fully to appreciate, the days of young Thayer had been of a halcyon kind. But the clouds began to lower. The elder Thayer, in the death of his amiable wife, discovered that he had lost not only an invaluable partner, but a manager of his household, and a contributor to his domestic comforts, for which nothing could atone. He tried manfully to bear up under it, but no resources from within, nor varieties from without, could satisfy him. At length, he was heard to close a jeremiad of

complaint with the following expression: "I have a strong *presentiment* that I shall shortly follow my poor Rachel, or else—marry again." The latter branch of his foresight was correct enough, for the week after it was uttered, he brought home from New-York a buxom girl, some years younger than himself, the daughter of a Dutch provision-merchant in Water-street, whom he had taken "for better, for worse." It was, however, more *worse* than *better*, both for her husband and her son-in-law. With regard to the former, she was continually upsetting his schemes, and ridiculing his presentiments, both of which were his weak or rather his *strong* points; for the more he was opposed the better he liked them, the more she endeavored to lower them the higher they were raised in his esteem. But like all men without internal strength, he gradually succumbed to a noisy shrew, who soon exercised unlimited sway in the family.

Of course, Robert soon fell in for a full share of the good dame's dislike; for, besides the hereditary cause, that, namely, of his being a step-son, he was fond of his father, to whom he behaved always with affectionate regard and duty, and he deeply revered the memory of his mother, of whom he spoke more highly and more frequently than was agreeable to the ears of her successor. She therefore resolved most piously to mar a happiness in which she had no share, and even to rid the house of an "expensive boy, who was none of hers."

In this she was, of course, successful. Under

pretence that he was old enough to assist on the farm, she caused him to be taken from school; and then, by finding fault with every thing he did, she made him feel his home to be any thing but what the word implies. His father saw it all with regret, but the shackles were upon his own energies, and all that he could do for their mutual relief, was to take his son with him, from time to time, to New-York, when he went with a sloop-load of butter, cheese, or flour, for the market there.

The boy had a double reason to hail the periods of these excursions. They brought him into the busy haunts of men, where he saw commerce with her anxious face, pleasure with her witching smile, and variety in all her charms; he felt, besides, that he was for the present beyond the sphere of a tyrannical step-mother, and needed not to guard his words or hide his delight. But his attention was chiefly engaged by the shipping; and he often longed to make a voyage, to see foreign parts, and to be "lord of himself." These desires became stronger at each visit, and were always the highest when he was about to return home.

At length Mrs. Thayer found herself "as ladies wish to be who love their lords;" and Robert, now fifteen years of age, was more than ever disagreeable in her sight. His father's house was no longer an endurable home, and upon the next journey to New-York, he declared his anxious wish to go to sea. "Father," said he, "I have long wished to make a trial, and *I have a presentiment* that you will see me

a rich and fortunate man,—able, and I am sure you believe, willing, to make your old days happy."

The father was loth to part with his son, but the *presentiment* was unanswerable. Arrangements were made, clothes and necessaries were bought, and all things were concluded, except the ceremony of asking Mrs. Thayer's consent, in which neither of them dreamed of a refusal; and here, without a presentiment, they were right. After a feigned anger and appearance of sorrow, but real delight, at the boy's apparent wilfulness, she consented to let him "feel the difference between a safe and comfortable home, and a life of hardship among strangers in distant lands." He was therefore equipped, and in due time set sail upon a long voyage to the western shores of America.

From this time his lot in life was fixed. He became a seaman; he loved his profession and soon excelled in it; he was quickly discovered to be a youth of superior parts and manners, and it required no presentiment to see that if he escaped the ordinary dangers of human life, and those peculiar to his own department in it, he would rise to eminence and wealth. On his return to New-York after any voyage, his father always came down to visit him, *as his duties prevented him from going up to Pine Plains.* He learned that his mother-in-law had miscarried, and had with difficulty recovered; but with sorrow he also learned that this catastrophe, instead of softening her into affection towards the young sailor, had only raised a feeling of envy in her soul, and she was

continually prognosticating evil in her husband's ear, against the heartless young ingrate, "who could ramble the world over rather than stay to comfort the declining years of his parents." All this, however, fell harmless, for the meek husband had it all to himself, and he had taken on the yoke so easily, that he hardly felt its weight. But the *presentiment* of his boy was ever before him; it became his stay and comfort.

Upon Robert's return from another voyage round Cape Horn, he again found his father waiting to receive him, but wearing the badge of a mourner. "Robert, my son," said he, "poor Sally is gone, and has left the child of her wishes as soon as he saw the light. Come home with me, and embrace *your brother.*" Robert's heart leaped within him at the sound. The tie was a new one, and his affectionate disposition led him to cherish it with even a woman's ardor. "Father," said he, "*I have a presentiment*, that this boy will be a comfort and a blessing to us both." Poor lad! his divinations were erroneous, and their futility was quickly demonstrated.

Robert's heart clung to his infant brother. It was a new feeling, and was rather like that of a parent for his offspring than that of fraternal affection. Too soon he had indeed to become a second parent to the child, for his own sickened and died within a few days after his son's return to the paternal mansion. Robert was now alone in the world, save this tie, which had been mysteriously conjured up to receive the full tide of kindness, and to bind him to social

life. He determined to watch over the boy's life and happiness, and to derive his own greatest comfort from contributing to that of his orphan brother. At this time he was about eighteen, and was on the eve of a voyage to the Mauritius, as mate of a ship. He therefore carefully but speedily put the infant Henry into the hands of a kind nurse, and left his own affairs, including the paternal inheritance, in the charge of an honest but distant relative.

Things continued thus during several voyages, in the course of which Robert Thayer attained to the command of a vessel. At each return his first care was to visit the child of his adoption, the brother of his affection, and all his resources were bent to the desire of contributing to the boy's happiness and welfare. On the part of Henry, as he grew up, his love for his brother seemed more and more to respond to that which was bestowed upon him, and in short it might be said that there was but one sentiment between them, save that it was pure fraternal love on the part of Robert, and love increased by gratitude on the side of Henry.

Henry Thayer had attained his fifteenth year, when the first personal misfortune in the professional career of his brother befel him. Captain Thayer had taken a cargo for London; from thence he had taken in a valuable freight for Malaga, and brought back returns in wine and fruits for his native port. At London, the crew had deserted him; some from that restless disposition so peculiar to the generality of sea-faring men, and others from the hope of advantages, such as

the American seaman, above all others, can obtain in the maritime world. In short, he had to ship an almost entirely fresh crew, and they turned out to be of a very inferior description. Nothing particular happened in the voyage to Malaga; but on the return across the Atlantic, in the month of January, they encountered bad weather, and many of his lubberly crew betook themselves to their hammocks. With the few men who continued at their duty, he continued to work the ship, but, unfortunately, just as they were entering the gulf-stream, a sudden squall carried away two of his topmasts.

It was night when this disaster took place, and, together with the reduced force under his command, he ran imminent risk of damage in two ways; first, in his upper works, by the dashing about of broken yards and masts as they hung by the rigging, and secondly, in his hull, after the wreck was cut overboard. Poor Thayer was unfortunate in both cases. While using his utmost endeavors with his remnant of a crew to get the wreck cut overboard, the maintop gallant yard-arm struck him on the head with such violence, as to cause a severe contusion. He was borne insensible to his cabin, and a most important assistance was thus cut off. The rigging and wreck, in falling afterward overboard, fell over to leeward, and, before it could be cut entirely away, had damaged the vessel under the bows so greatly, that it became necessary to keep the hands to the pumps.

It was now no longer necessary to urge the skulkers to their duty. Self-preservation will furnish an

argument which indolence herself cannot resist. The misfortune which faithfulness and alacrity might probably have prevented, necessity enabled them in some degree to remedy; though at the expense of greatly increased labor, and unlooked-for danger. Of the latter, however, there was more in store. In the crippled state of the upper works, and the all but water-logged condition of the vessel, she sailed heavily and was steered with difficulty. At length, however, the welcome lands of Neversink were presented to their view, and they began—ah, too prematurely—to congratulate each other, that their toils were at a close. Heavily they neared Sandy-Hook, and hove to for a pilot; hours passed, and no pilot appeared, while the experienced head and eye of her commander, which could have directed her through the intricacies of the small remaining navigation, were unhappily withdrawn through the severity of his wounds and bruises.

Evening arrived, and no pilot. The mate, therefore, reluctantly resolved to stand out to sea-ward during the night, and hoped for better success on the morrow. That evil, most to be dreaded on our coasts, a snow-storm, came on; the wind gradually shifted until the ship's head was lying northwest, and bearing directly towards the Long-Island shores. It became necessary to wear round, but by this time the running rigging was as stiff as icicles; the few men able to work could neither stand, by reason of the slipperiness of the deck, nor exert themselves from the excessive severity of the cold, and constant fall of sleet,

which benumbed all their limbs. The ropes would not render through the blocks, and to crown all, the ship would not answer her helm. What was to be done? Human strength and human wisdom could no more. It was in vain that inward sentiments of remorse struck some of the lately indolent crew. The energies produced by despair were too late for action. On she drove, until at length a harsh grating was perceived under her bows, a jumping, beating sensation followed as the vessel was forced upon the sand, —one sudden shock, a heel to one side,—and she was a wreck upon the shore.

Happily, no lives were lost.—In the morning intelligence was transmitted to New-York of the calamity which had befallen the ship, and Captain Thayer, half dead with shame and weakness, was carried to the city. A long series of good fortune and success furnishes but an indifferent school of fortitude under subsequent misfortune. As inferior officer, and as commander, Thayer had hitherto brought his voyages to a prosperous issue; now, a sense of so fatal a reverse preyed upon his thoughts, and tended greatly to retard his recovery. His affectionate brother was however by his bedside, watching every look, preventing every wish, and striving, by a thousand assiduities, to smooth the sick bed, and to restore his mind to composure. It is only when the soul is under the influence of remorse that such endeavors fail, and accordingly the genial effects of brotherly kindness, and of his own wiser thoughts, now began to appear. He recovered,

but his regards had so fastened upon the boy, that, when the latter proposed to accompany his brother in his next voyage, although Captain Thayer had destined him for another and more brilliant lot in life, he had not the resolution to deny him. He had his reward, for his profession, to which he was always attached, now became doubly delightful. Every occasion was laid hold of to instruct his brother in the duties of a seaman, and pains and expense were lavished, during the brief intervals of their being in port, to make him an able navigator and scientific man.

Five years had thus passed over, when one morning at breakfast, in London, the younger Thayer, with some hesitation, addressed the elder to the following effect. "Brother Robert, I have somewhat to propose to you,—and yet I know not how to begin it,—such has been your uniform kindness to me, that no parent could have gone beyond you;—but I feel it due to us both, to lay my wishes before you; and I think—I hope—that is, I think you will accord with me, that the step should be taken."

"Well, Harry, what is it?—Speak out, man, never stammer thus, but, if it is fit to be heard, tell your story boldly. Am I not your brother?"

"Oh, yes, Robert, more than that! brother and father in one;—but, I fear that even your affection will thwart the proposal I wish to make."

"It must be very unreasonable then, Harry—but, once more, out with it."

Henry, after a slight and agitated indecision,

proceeded. "You know, my dear Robert, that the sea is now decidedly my profession, and it behoves me to know it well in all its bearings. I ought to be acquainted with the best and with the worst of it, with the practice of foreign nations, as well as with that of our own, and above all, I ought to know how to be left to my own resources. Now, hitherto, your tenderness has warded off from me many a difficulty and hardship, to which the life of a seaman is obnoxious. It has been all calms and sunshine with me, and I know not how I should act in a sudden emergency. I would propose therefore — not that we should separate long," he added, speaking rapidly, "but — that I should make a voyage or two in British or other foreign bottoms, and then I will return, and either sail with you or for you; for it will be fit that you should begin to take some repose after your labors."

Captain Thayer was utterly confounded. He had never for a moment contemplated the possibility of a separation; but happy in the present posture of affairs, he had gone on from voyage to voyage, from year to year, seeing his young and sprightly brother accumulate knowledge, and strength, acquiring the love of the various crews, by whom he was from time to time surrounded; and in the continued feeling of each succeeding hour had never dreamed of change. It was put to him now however, with plain good sense, to which his own responded; but he would fain have combated his own judgment in favor of private regard. The younger Thayer persevered, and finally carried

the day. With a heavy heart, and with a *presentiment* of ill-fortune, Captain Thayer accompanied his brother among the merchants and shipmasters, in order to procure for him the office of *second mate* of a West-Indiaman; for, though fully capable to taking the superior charge of first mate, in which capacity he had sailed two voyages, yet in pursuance of his purpose he determined for the lower grade. He obtained it without difficulty; and with strong feelings of regret, but with unalterable regard, the brothers parted, after arranging a steady and punctual correspondence.

For many a day they were doomed to be separated. Many an anxious, many a painful hour was the result of this separation. That which in the pride of human foresight had been considered laudable and wise, was the prolific source of misfortune and anxiety, and should teach mankind, in the midst of ambitious projects, to

"Walk humbly then — with trembling pinions soar."

The vessel in which Henry Thayer was embarked, was returning from Barbadoes, at the time that the expedition under Lord Exmouth was fitted out for Algiers. They were boarded by one of the ships of the squadron, and young Thayer was impressed. In vain he urged that he was an American citizen, and not liable to such a forcible seizure. In vain, also, the captain of the merchantman protested against the violence. In both cases it was believed, as was sometimes the case, that the reasons were assumed to

save the man, particularly as young Thayer had not his credentials to produce. Moreover there was probably an additional reason in secret, that if he were really American, they might be able to retain him from the difficulty of conveying information, or of any one stirring in his behalf. Be that as it might, he was impressed, and his first sensations were those of the most unqualified indignation. He soon found, however, that in the arbitrary proceedings of a man of war, the only refuge is a present submission, and he resolved to do the duties which were imposed upon him cheerfully. This was a wise resolution; he acquired by it the regard of his officers, and if he could have determined to pursue his profession in that line, he would probably have met the fullest encouragement. But this was not to be.

The squadron reached its destination, the bombardment took place, and the Algerines were *for the moment* humbled. Young Thayer, who had been made coxswain of one of the boats, was coming off from the shore with his officer. It was evening, and somewhat later than usual. They were carrying a press of canvas, in order to reach the vessel before dark, when suddenly they were upset by a squall. The people were presently in the boat again, and it was righted;—but the coxswain was missing. He had been thrown clear of the sails, and was picked up by a small boat, in which were three fishermen. They immediately pulled away with him, in a direction to the westward of the city, and landed him in an obscure creek, where there were other boats of a

similar description to their own. Deeply resenting the humiliation to which their city had been subjected by the British commander, and their revenge being farther whetted by the consideration that it was "Christian dogs" who had inflicted the injury, their first impulse was to put him to death. Cupidity, however, triumphed even over revenge; or rather, they thought of enjoying a double revenge, by selling their victim into captivity. They departed with him, therefore, several miles into the interior, and found no difficulty in disposing of him; where he was kept to hard labor, for which his compensation was starvation, insult, and stripes.

It was now that the young man regretted his fancied sagacity, and wished that he had listened to his brother's remonstrances. But it was too late to repine, and his elastic spirits were sustained by the hope of escape. To this object he bent all his energies, and this end he never ceased to have in view; but the state of a christian slave in Algiers is one of such unmitigated rigor, and the poor wretches are under such a perpetual surveillance, that month after month, and year after year, passed away without offering him an effectual opportunity. He had, indeed, made some progress in an acquaintance with an English *renegado,* who acted in the capacity of superintendent; but Thayer was slow to make a confidant of one who had renounced his faith. By degrees, however, he was induced to think better of the man, who protested that he had never swerved in heart from the religion of Christ, but imagined that

he might dissemble for the sake of relaxation, and the hope of ultimate liberty. Thayer admitted the plea in extenuation, as coming from one whose principles had not been perfectly fortified, but failed not to urge upon him the insult he had offered, and the want of confidence he had shown to the God in whom he professed to trust. They gradually became assured in each other, and a plan was concocted of making their way to the sea-side, seizing a boat, pulling off into the wide Mediterranean, and then trust to Providence to be taken up by some friendly vessel. They did so, but were missed from the mansion of their *patron* sooner than they had expected. A large boat was launched in pursuit of them; whilst they, knowing that liberty or death were before them, strained every nerve to escape.

In the meantime, Captain Thayer became acquainted with the impressment of his brother, and immediately a process was instituted for his restitution. An order was sent out for the prompt discharge of Henry Thayer; but, by the earliest returns, a report was brought that the young man had perished by the upsetting of a boat in the bay. The detail of the circumstances left an impression on the mind of Thayer, that his brother had *not* perished, but was among the Algerines. He would not give way to a contrary belief, but rather fortified himself in his opinion, by all kinds of delusive reasoning. His *presentiment* grew stronger and stronger, the farther it was removed from probability; and he immediately changed his line of trading to a permanent Mediterra-

nean voyage, in the forlorn hope that his brother would break from his restraint, and that *he* should have the satisfaction to bear him away.—Constantly, in going up or coming down that sea, he edged towards the southern shore, and always kept the flag of his country displayed. But hitherto without success.

At length, how extravagant soever they might be, the visions of his hope seemed on the eve of realization. He saw the boats, he prepared himself for the interesting result, and they were now coming to the issue.

The scattering shot from the ship, as has been already observed, wounded two or three persons in the large boat, and caused a momentary confusion. This was succeeded by rage and fury, and presently fresh way was given towards the devoted fugitives. They approached, they nearly touched,—when the long-boat of the American shot in between, and in the same instant Captain Thayer, standing up in the stern-sheets, knocked overboard the moor in the bow of the adversary. In the same instant two shots were heard from the infidel vessel, one of which grazed Thayer's left shoulder, and the other caused a piercing shriek from the flying boat. He hastily turned, and beheld his half rescued brother covered with gore that was streaming from his forehead.

Maddened at the sight, he sprung into the boat which contained him, exclaiming to his men, "kill, kill the dogs;—no quarter—my brother—my poor murdered Harry." The word operated like magic

on his people — they fought like desperadoes, — and to say truth, so did the Algerines; but the vessel was nearing them, and though foaming with rage, impotent rage, at the loss of their captives, and the destruction among their own people, they were obliged to retreat.

In the mean while Captain Thayer was holding his bleeding brother to his breast, calling him by all the endearing names that fervent affection and agitated spirits could suggest. "Harry," he cried, "my own boy, my brother Harry; — live, live, oh live, and bless your poor Robert's old days as you promised. — You are rescued, you are free, my Harry. Here, men," he cried to his people who had now ceased fighting, "let the dogs go, lay hold of the painter, and tow us alongside as quickly as possible. — Harry, look at me — show me, only by your eyes, that you know me, and I shall be satisfied."

The poor young man slowly lifted up his languid eyes, and a faint smile indicated that he was sensible as to who held him.

"That will do, that will do, my boy, my own boy — don't speak now, don't speak. Pull away, boys, for dear life. Give way, my hearties. — I'll make the fortune of every man of ye." He again hung over the sufferer, with mingled anguish and delight, stanching the blood with his handkerchief, and continually forbidding him to stir or speak.

They arrived at the ship. The careful mate, who had seen all that passed, had got a whip and a chair rigged, and in one minute more he was on board and

in the cabin. — Vain cares, vain hopes! A few heavy groans were uttered by the sufferer, each of which went to his brother's heart; — presently afterwards, he articulated faintly, "Robert — my dear Robert."

"Here, Harry, here — here is Robert — be quiet, and take rest, my dear lad."

"Dear Robert —" whispered the dying man — "so — happy — to see you — once — again." After a pause, he again faltered — "dying — Robert — Lord, be merciful — God bless you — my brother." — He was no more.

It was a few moments ere Captain Thayer could believe the reality of his loss. When convinced that he was gone, he remained a short time as in a stupor of grief; but by degrees his brows knit, his face was suffused with blood, the veins of his temples swelled. He rushed on deck, where he found the breeze freshening towards a gale.

"Set the foresail, haul aft the lee clew of the mainsail." It was done. "Away aloft, and let out every reef. Clap on all sail. Go you, sir," added he, with a dark and mysterious expression, to the helmsman, "lend a hand, I'll take the helm meanwhile."

The seamen were aloft; — the keen eye of Thayer marked the track of the retreating boat; — he steered right into her wake, and regardless of the cries of the wretched Moors, and of his own crew, — *he went clear over them, destroying every man.* Looking over the taffrail, he viewed with his own eyes the destruction he had committed, he gloated over it, as a most acceptable sacrifice, and uttering a laugh of the most

horrific sound, he sank exhausted on the deck. He was taken below, where after some time he recovered to life,—but not to reason.

His employment from henceforth was to talk of, or to his deceased brother, and so much was he wrapped up in the corse, that it was found difficult to inter the latter in the deep waters. But the health of the crew required it, and opportunity was taken, whilst the poor maniac slept, to consign the unfortunate young man to his watery tomb.—But their precautions were fruitless. At the very moment, the awful moment, when the body was launched over the gangway, a sudden rush was heard, a splash followed, and it was found that, even in death, poor Thayer would not be divided from the child of his hopes and affections.



KAATSKILL.

—— "Like the bird, just 'scaped
From the close caging of some gentle dame,
Showing its freedom's consciousness in song
Not less than flight."

When to the city's crowded streets
The fiercer spells of summer come,
Then, for thy calm and cool retreats,
Sweet Kaatskill! may the wanderer roam.

Then may he seek thy guardian haunts,
Thy quiet stream, thy shady tree,
And, while the world around him pants,
From all oppression find him free.

Above him towers thy giant form,
Rock-heaved, and rising like a king;
Around him rides thy summer storm,
With cooling freshness on its wing!

Below him — what a scene is there!
The hallowed, sweet repose of home;
The sheltered green, the waters clear,
And, snugly small, the cottage dome

Gathering above, the thickening clouds
The sun's intenser beams would chide,
In quiet, but commingling crowds,
Down-bending to the unbroken tide.

See, where the boatman speeds his barque
As sped the Indian chief of old,
Bound on some errand, wild and dark,
Whose story is as yet untold.

Proof of the sacred, sweet repose,
The farmer's cattle seek the place,
And, as the waters round them close,
Give to the scene an added grace—

The grace of home, the charming cot,
Domestic peace, unbroken joy,
Known only to the humble lot—
Dreamed only by the enthusiast boy.

Yet, not alone his dream, since here
Nature has nobly done her part;
And, in her colors, prompt and clear,
A kindred triumph comes from art.

Thus, to the city, well transferred,
The painter's pencil bears the scene—
And there the streamlet, there the bird,
The forest, and the summer's green.

There glides the barque, there lies the tree—
The quiet cottage heaves in sight,
Until each form, again, I see,
That once could give my heart delight.

CLAUDE.

WASHINGTON.

AND the Genius of Death, with his brow bound about with the gloomy hemlock, and bearing in his hands a living, but a leafless, cypress, stood beside the couch where Washington lay:

"I will quench this light," said the Genius—"I will overcome this lofty spirit, which, forgetting me, mankind delights to honor."

"Thou quench this light,—thou overcome this spirit!"—replied the Genius of Eternal Fame, standing also beside the couch of the sleeping Father;—"Oh, fool, that thou art!—he hath given thee immortality in dying at thy hands."

ISOLATED AFFECTION.

"True love, still born of heaven, is bless'd with wings,
And, tired of earth, it plumes them back again,
And so we lose it."

I.

Deep in the bosom of a southern forest, there grew a beautiful flower, the sweetest flower in that lonely region. Its leaves were of the purest white, for the first time unfolding to the world around them, and revealing, as they did so, the fine and delicate droppings of violet and purple, which before, like so much hidden wealth, had lain in its bosom. Its odor was fresh and exquisite, and no flower in all that forest, could come near it for sweetness or for beauty. In excellence as in condition, it was equally alone.

II.

But it was not destined to be alone always. There came to it one morning in May, a golden butterfly—a rover among the flowers—an ancient robber of their sweets. Gayly he plied his flight throughout the forest, now here and now there, sporting about in a sort of errant unconsciousness. It was not long before he inhaled the odor—it was not long before

he saw the pure white leaves, and looked down, with a yearning eye, upon the rich droppings of purple and violet which nestled in the bosom of the flower.

III.

Flying around in mazy but still contracting circles, he gazed upon the loveliness of the flower, and grew more and more enamoured at each moment of his survey. "Surely," he thought, "this is a flower by itself — love's own flower — dwelling in secret — blooming only, and budding, for his eyes, and denied to all beside. It is my good fortune to have found it — I will drink its sweets — I will nestle in its bosom — I will enjoy its charms as I have enjoyed a thousand others."

IV.

Even with the thought, came the quick resolution, and another moment found him lying — lying close and pressed upon the bosom of the flower. There was a slight effort to escape from the embraces of the intruder — the flower murmured its dissent, but the murmur died away into a sigh, and the sigh was inhaled, as so much honey, by the pressing lips of the butterfly. He sung to the flower of his love — he, the acknowledged rover — the unlicensed drinker of sweets — the economical winner of affections, with which he did not share his own — he sung to the flower a story of his love; and, oh! saddest of all, the young flower believed him.

V.

And day after day he came to the stolen embrace, and day after day, more fondly than ever, the lovely flower looked forth to receive him. She surrendered her very soul to his keeping, and her pure white leaves grew tinged with his golden winglets, while his kisses stained with yellow the otherwise delicate loveliness of her lips. But she heeded not this, so long as the embrace was still fervent—the kiss still warm—the return of the butterfly still certain.

VI.

But when was love ever certain?—not often where the lover is a butterfly. There came a change over the fortunes of the flower, for there came a change over the habits of the butterfly. He gradually fell off in his attentions. His passion grew cool, and the ease of his conquest led him to undervalue its acquisition. Each day he came later and later, and his stay with the flower grew more and more shortened at every return. Her feelings perceived the estrangement long before her reason had taught her to think upon or understand it.

VII.

At length she murmured her reproaches—and the grievance must be great when love will venture so far. "Wherefore," she said, "Oh, wherefore hast thou lingered away so long. Why dost thou not now, as before, vie with the sunlight in thy advances? I have looked for thee from the dawning, yet I have

looked for thee in vain. The yellow beetle has been all the morning buzzing about me, but I frowned upon his approaches. The green grasshopper had a song under my bush, and told me a dull story of the love which he had for me in his bosom; and, more than once, the glittering humming bird has sought my embraces, but I shut my leaves against him. Thou only hast been slow to seek me—thou whom, only, I have looked to see."

VIII.

Gayly then the butterfly replied to these reproaches, nor, as he spoke, heeded the increasing paleness of the flower: "Over a thousand forests I've been flying, each as beautiful as this—on a thousand flowers I've been 'tending, none less lovely to the sight than thou. How could'st thou dream that with a golden winglet, broad, and free, and beautiful, like mine, in a single spot I still should linger, of the world around unknowing aught? No, no—mine is an excursive spirit; for a thousand free affections made;—wouldst thou have me, like a groping spider, working still to girdle in myself?"

IX.

It was a murmuring and a sad reply of the now isolated flower, and she lived not long after she had made it: "Ah, now I know mine error—my sad error—having no wings myself, to mate with the lover who had. Alas! that I have loved so fondly and foolishly, for while thou hast gone over a thousand

forests, seeing a thousand flowers, I have only known, only looked, only lived for, a single butterfly."

X.

The false one was soon away, after this, to another forest; for his ear loved not reproaches, and he had sense, if not feeling enough, to know that they were uttered justly. The flower noted his departure, and its last sigh was an audible warning to the young bud which it left behind it. The wood-spirit heard the sigh and the warning; and when the bud began to expand in the pleasant sunshine, he persuaded the black-browed spider to spin his web, and frame his nest, in the thick bushes that hung around it; and many were the wanton butterflies, after this, who, coming to prey upon the innocent affection, became entangled, and justly perished in the guardian network thus raised up to protect it.

A LIVING POET.

Oh! gaze not, with sarcastic smile,
Upon his foppish gait and air;
Nor deem poetic feeling all
Mere fancied mockery, false as fair!

He was not always what he is! —
His boyish years, his early youth,
Saw him an ardent worshipper
Of beauty, purity, and truth.

His heart was like an echoing dell;
The moaning brook, the mother's voice,
Each wild unwritten melody,
Could make it murmur, or rejoice.

He searched for April violets;
He lingered in the moonlit air,
To gaze upon the sky of June,
To praise and bless the dweller there.

Then the full tide of visions high,
Of holy love, of swelling bliss,
Burst forth in fresh and heartfelt song;
Oh! then he was not what he is.

Alas! that beauty e'er should cause
Her fond idolater to fall!
Why did he leave her peaceful haunts
To seek her in the crowded hall.

In that cold, uncongenial clime,
His better nature drooped and died;
His fancy stooped, his purpose failed,
His heart was chilled, his faith denied.

Oft, when the winds have sunk to sleep,
The sea still rolls its billows blue;
Thus, still he sings; — but sings past thoughts,
And feelings such as once he knew.

And the affected verses show
The pallid hues, the sick perfume,
Of buds, which, gathered in the grove,
Have opened in a heated room.

SIGNORINA.

INNOCENZA.

Thou art not a being of upper air —
Though thy form be as slender, thy beauty as rare
Nor a daughter of the bounding sea —
Though thy smile be as sunny, thy bosom as free!

Thou art not the Dryad's woodland child —
Though the glance of thine eye be as timidly wild!
Nor nymph on the margin of haunted rill —
Nor fairy that circles the moonlit hill.

Spirits are these — but of humbler birth,
Than the heavenly soul of a child of earth.
Spirits are these — that must fade and die —
But a spirit art thou of eternity.

For a christian mother o'er thee did raise
A prayer of hope, and a hymn of praise —
That thou mightst pass, when life be spent,
Pure to thy maker, and innocent.

Sadly she soothed thy plaintive wail,
Till the rosy hues of her cheek grew pale
Wearily watching thine infant bed,
While sleep from her heavy eyelids fled.

And fondly she looked, that a brighter day
Those sorrowful hours should well repay —
A day of long and brilliant years,
Full of promise, and free from tears. —

And she trembles now with a fearful delight,
As she gazes on thee, thou blossom bright —
Oh! may no breath of sin or slight
Steal o'er thy flowerets, to banish their light!

The ills — that must be to all our race —
Mayest thou bear with patience, and humble grace;
Brighter, and better, and happier still,
Till thy years shall have passed the brow of the hill!

Then — when thy path shall be downward turned,
And heaven desired, yet earth not spurned —
To thy long home pass, in calm content,
Pure as thou now art, and innocent!

VIRGINIA.

So arch a smile as Ariadne wore,
To greet her wine-god on the desart shore,—
So sly a sparkle in that liquid eye,
As Dian cast to rapt Endymion's sigh.—

Wild as the wood-nymph of a minstrel's dream,—
Shy as the Naiad by her crystal stream,—
Pure as the priestess in Apollo's grove—
Yet warm as Danaë half won by Jove.—

Fair form—young loveliness—and noble race—
All woman gentleness—and woman grace—
Heaven hath no treasured benefit in store,
For those it favors most, thy love before!

Unsunned by passion, innocently bland,
Fresh as the forests of thy virgin land,
Tender, and delicate, and warm, and free—
Oh! may my lot be cast with such as thee!

H.

THE DOOM OF THE EYES.

THE youth sorrowed by the brooklet's side, and his tears mingled with its waters.

"Why weepest thou, my son," said the hermit of the valley, "wherefore is thy sorrow?"

"Alas! alas!" said the youth, "have I not been wounded by the eyes of the maiden which have looked upon me?"

"Did they look upon thee to scorn thee?" inquired the hermit kindly. "Alas! father, but they did."

"Then will I revenge thee with a doom upon them, if thou wilt but say to me the color which they wore."

But the youth knew not the color of the eyes which had wounded him, for his own had been dazzled.

"They must all suffer for the scorn," said the hermit, "though the doom shall be various among them.—

"To endless fires the black shall be the prey—to endless tears the blue, to endless motion the gray, and to endless sleeping all others," and the doom was recorded.

TO THE CONDOR.

The region which may be considered as the habitual abode of the Condor, begins at a height equal to that of Ætna, and comprehends strata of air at an elevation of from 9,600 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Of all living beings, it is without doubt the one that can rise at will to the greatest distance from the earth's surface.

Humboldt—Tableaux de la Nature.

WONDROUS, majestic bird! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring;—
Nor on earth's silent breast—
Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,—
Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursling of the tempest, where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?
In what far clime of night
Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone—
While round thee swells of life no kindred tone—
Suspend thy tireless flight?

TO THE CONDOR.

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there;—
Yet 'tis thy sport to soar
Far o'er its frowning summit — and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.

The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked; — thy glorious path of light on high
Is trackless and unknown;
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.

Imperial wanderer! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee! —
Beyond the bolt — beyond the lightning's gleam,
Basking forever in the unclouded beam —
Thy home — immensity!

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where heaven's own glories shine,
And scorn the tempest's power; —
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings;
Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings —
Those pageants of an hour!

E. F. E.



